

# EMERSONIAN

1911













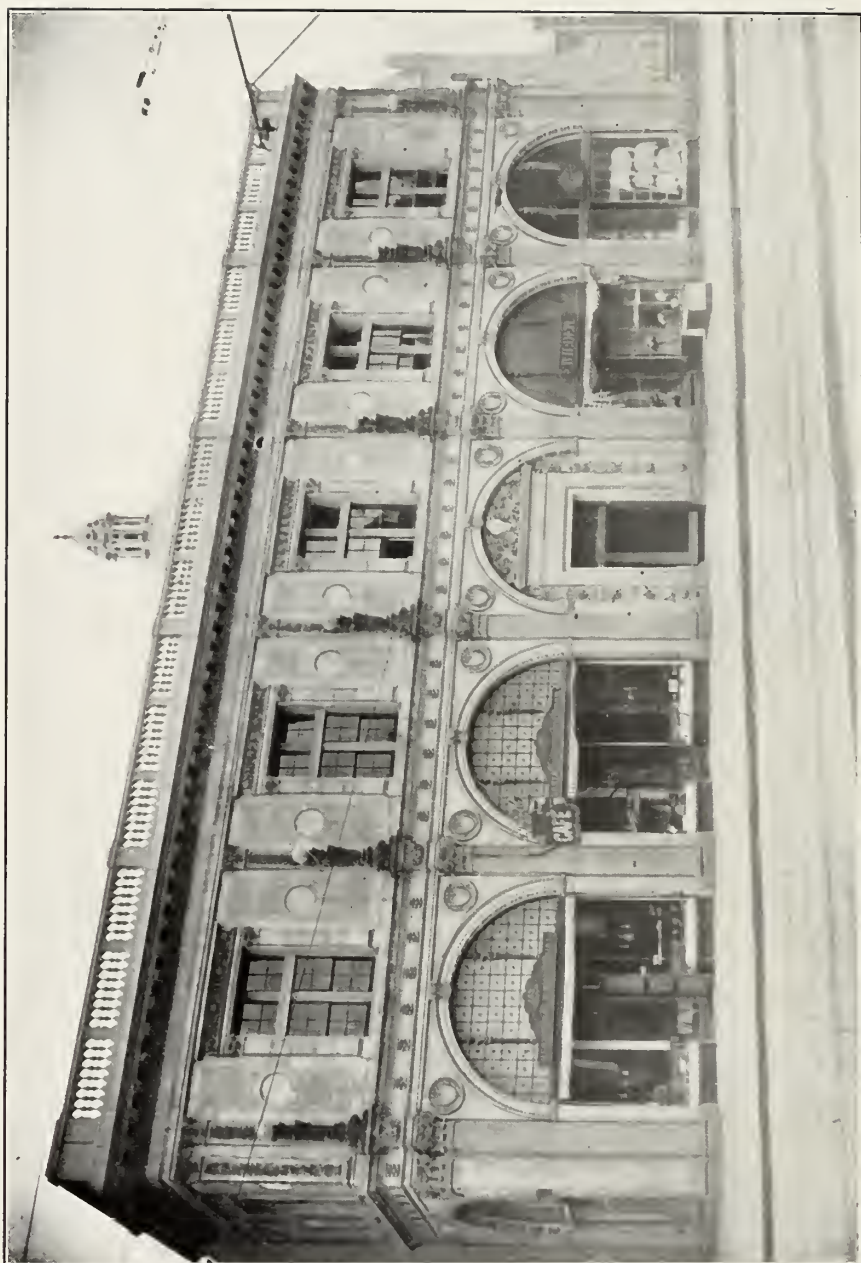




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EMERSON COLLEGE

# The Emersonian

Volume Four

Published by the

Students' Association



Emerson College of Oratory

Boston, Massachusetts

## S U C C E S S

*“He has achieved success, who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the trust of pure women and little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth’s beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others, and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction.”*



## PROLOGUE

If, through the years that swiftly roll,  
And cast their shadows on the past,  
Obscuring the thoughts of yesterday  
On the waters dim and vast ;  
If, when the future bears you out  
On Life's uncertain, rushing tide,  
Calling you far and far away  
From Love's protection side ;  
If, in the rush of busy days,  
You cast one backward thought  
Toward the land from which you sailed,  
And the battles you have fought ;  
If, in the years that come and go  
Though years of school have long been done,  
Your heart comes back to mem'ries dear,  
And you think of Emerson ;  
If, to one heart, this book recalls  
Some sweet forgotten strain  
In future years ; we shall not think  
Our labors have been vain.

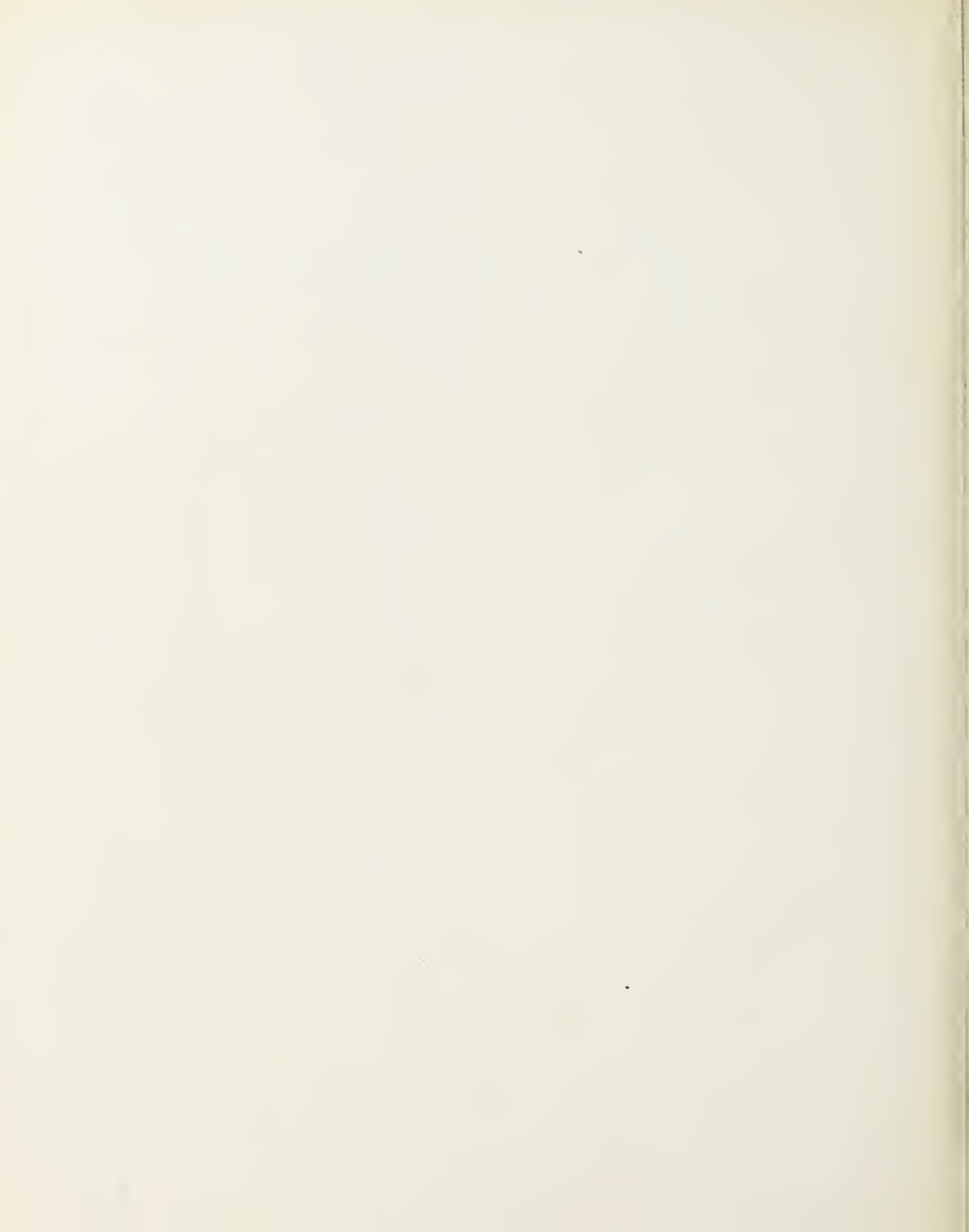
A. A. H.

## Dedication

To Harry Seymour Ross,  
Dean of the Emerson College  
of Oratory, in sincere apprecia-  
tion of his services, in respect-  
ful recognition of his abilities  
as a teacher, and with grateful  
sense of his relation as a friend  
to the students, this Year Book  
is affectionately dedicated.



HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS





“But deep this truth impressed my mind—  
Through all His works abroad,  
The heart, benevolent and kind,  
The most resembles God.”

—Robert Burns.



HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK, President



ALLEN ARTHUR STOCKDALE, Chaplain

## The Faculty

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK, President

Oratoric and Dramatic Delivery; English Literature; Ex-temporaneous Speaking; Debate; Interpretation of Shakespeare.

HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS, Dean

Rhetoric; English Language and Literature.

REV. ALLEN A. STOCKDALE

"Our Chaplain"

EBEN CHARLTON BLACK, A. M., LL. D.

Poetics; English and American Literature.

WILLIAM G. WARD, A. M.

English Literature; Psychology.

WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP

Dramatic Interpretation; History of Drama; Impersonation; Analysis.

CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER

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SILAS A. ALDEN, M. D.

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WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY

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CLAYTON D. GILBERT

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Personal Development; Voice; Dramatic Interpretation.

LILIA ESTELLE SMITH

History of Education; Pedagogy; School Management.

FOSS LAMPRELL WHITNEY

Personal Criticism; Evolution of Expression; "Faust."

MAUD GATCHELL HICKS

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AGNES KNOX BLACK

Literary Interpretation; Analysis; Reading as a Fine Art.

GERTRUDE McQUESTEN

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ELVIE BURNETT WILLARD

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PRISCILLA C. PUFFER

Gesture; Elocution.

GERTRUDE CHAMBERLAIN

Victorian Prose; Browning and Tennyson.

HARRIET C. SLEIGHT

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ELSIE R. RIDDLE

Gymnastics; Aesthetic and Folk Dancing.

ROBERT HOWES BURNHAM

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Treasurer.

ELIZABETH M. ROGERS

Preceptress.

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Earl Barnes

A. Foxton Ferguson

Homer B. Sprague

Leon H. Vincent



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WILLIAM G. WARD, M.A.



WALTER BRADLEY TRIPP



CHARLES WINSLOW KIDDER



WILLIAM HOWLAND KENNEY



FOSS LAMPRELL WHITNEY



MAUD GATCHELL HICKS



ELSIE R. RIDDLE





HARRIET C. SLEIGHT



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ISSACHAR M. ELDRIDGE



GERTRUDE CHAMBERLIN





JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK



LILIA ESTELLE SMITH



AGNES KNOX BLACK



GERTRUDE McQUESTEN



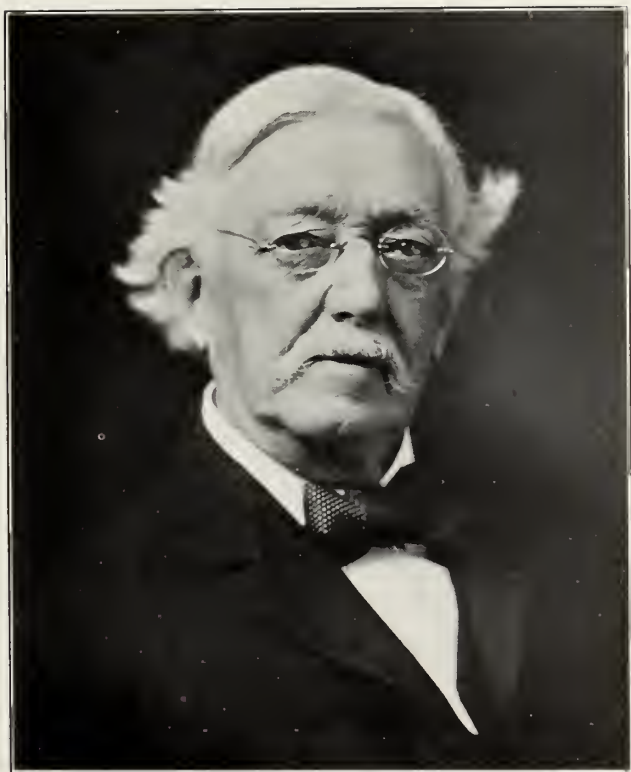
ELVIE BURNETT WILLARD



SILAS A. ALDEN, M.D.



PRISCILLA C. PUFFER



WILLIAM J. ROLFE

## William James Rolfe

The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.

—"The Tempest."

This autumn the leaves have colored and fallen as in other years and Nature has borne her beauty with modest charm and power; the fields gave way to reapers and the birds flew southward as a sign of the new season. But our return to college at harvest time this year was to be met with a strange, though not unexpected change, as one patient, serene, old gleaner was missing from our loved field. So unselfishly, so thoroughly and so broadly Dr. Rolfe gave us the essence of his life work that we understand him best as the teacher, while others lay different claims upon his labor. To sit at the feet of this man and listen to his quiet voice as he opened avenues, by which even the humblest might seek the presence of the most powerful men of literary standing, was a privilege each student held with respect. He came with the attitude of helpfulness and not to display his great learning. Now that death has severed us from this and the encouragement of his wide experience, we lean upon the staff we inherit. He has left us a fruitage in the store-house of literary accomplishment which will live to support our stumbling foot-steps in the path he has so clearly hewn through the mazes of English literature.

H. G.





POST GRADUATE CLASS

## Post Graduate Class

Class Motto—"Art for Life's Sake"

### Officers

President.....Addie Jane Allen  
 Vice-President.....Janet Richardson Chesney  
 Secretary-Treasurer.....Eunice Fay Story

### Class Roll

Addie Jane Allen, Whitehall, N. Y.  
 Ethel Lillian Austen, Auburn, N. Y.  
 Alma Marie Bruggeman, Pittsburg, Pa.  
 Janet Richardson Chesney, Hartford,  
     Conn.  
 Wilda Wilson Church, Sidney, Ohio.  
 Gertrude Newbold Comly, Syracuse, N. Y.  
 Alice Jessenia Davidson, Saco, Me.  
 Jean Fowler, Baden, Pa.  
 Minabel Garrett, Albion, N. Y.  
 Edith Roberts Hastings, Bethel, Me.  
 Christine Frances Hodgdon, Malden,  
     Mass.  
 Helen Marjorie Kinne, Syracuse, N. Y.  
 Sarah Jane Morgan, Nashua, N. H.  
 Ruth Inez Morse, St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
 Georgia Maud Newbury, Seattle, Wash.  
 Florence O'Brien, Toronto, Ont., Can.  
 Vercqua Sheldon Petty, Essex, Essex Co.,  
     N. Y.  
 Alice Estelle Simmons, Belfast, Me.  
 Dorothy May Sims, Kalama, Wash.  
 Eunice Fay Story, Uxbridge, Mass.  
 Erma Stevens Tutbs, Shickshinny, N. Y.  
 Edna Weatherspoon, Granville Ferry, N.S.  
 Leola Wheeler, Arvilla, Mo.



## The Old Guard Are Visited

(May Mr. Browning pardon the visitor.)

That's the Post Graduate Class coming to the hall,  
 Looking as if they were so wise. I call  
 That class a wonder, now: The "Faculty's" hands  
 Worked busily four years, and there they stand.  
 Will't please you sit and hear them? I say  
 "Faculty" by design: for never may  
 Strangers like you the mystery solve,  
 Of the depth and passion they here evolve,  
 To this College they came (each lured here by  
 Artistic love, the stage or friendly tie.)  
 As Freshmen, green, and told all, when they durst,  
 The aims that brought them here: and not the first  
 Were they to speak thus. Sir, 'twas not  
 Through "temperament" only wisdom they got  
 By which to teach the Freshmen meek: maybe  
 Mr. Tripp "paused" to say, "Juniors see  
 Hamlet is soon analyzed for me," or "Themes  
 Are due," Dean says, and beams  
 Upon the ever rising pile: though tough  
 'Twas training, they thought, and cause enough  
 For spending many a sleepless night. They grew  
 With time—how shall I say?—a little tired and blue,  
 Too easily discouraged; they liked whate'er  
 Looked easy, and in vain, looked everywhere.  
 Sir, Juniors are all one! As Seniors, with their best,  
 They thought, rehearsed and studied without rest.  
 With Mrs. Hicks "plused nature well by art"  
 And the "allusion did sustain"—in part  
 Of William's tragedy—all and each  
 Tried from teachers to draw the approving speech,  
 Or "B" at least. They worked then, well, and thanked  
 Them now—I can't show how—as if they ranked  
 The three-years-course beneath Emerson's name  
 Above a priceless gift. Who'd dare to blame  
 This noble sentiment? Even had I skill  
 In speech—which I have not—to make you see



The value of this work, and say, "The key  
Of its success is truth; here marry  
Perfect form and soul"—if they carry  
Themselves as taught, and parry  
Vain show with truth, and soul without excuse,  
Then will there be no stopping, if they choose  
Never to stop. Sir, as Graduates, no doubt,  
They feel 'tis so; but who learns without  
Feeling this truth? They grow, then time demands  
That college be stopped forever. There they stand  
As if ready. Will't please you rise? We'll see  
Them at Commencement soon. I repeat  
The instruction here has both beauty and sense,  
Actual experience and no pretence.  
P. G.'s who will not teach are disallowed  
Though oft they wish their pupils silence vowed  
Forever on the teaching. Nay, we'll go  
Together out, sir. Notice President, though,  
Coming to his class, known a rarity.  
Rich in knowledge and great of heart is he!

—V. S. P., '10





CAST OF CHARACTERS IN "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR"

## Post Graduate Stunt

THE GRADUATE CLASS OF 1911

Present

**"EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR"**

By Ben Jonson

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Prologue	Miss Petty
Knowell, an old Gentleman	Miss Garrett
Edward Knowell, his Son	Miss Tubbs
Brainworm, the Father's Man	Miss Chesney
George Downright, a plain Squire	Miss Newbury
Wellbred, his Half-Brother	Miss Kinne
Kitely, a Merchant	Miss Wheeler
Captain Bobadill, A Pauls Man	Miss Fowler
Master Stephen, a Country Gull	Miss Austen
Master Mathew, the Town Gull	Miss Davidson
Thomas Cash, Kitely's Cashier	Miss Comly
Oliver Cob, a Water-bearer	Mrs. Church
Justice Clement, an old merry Magistrate	Miss Morgan
Roger Formal, his Clerk	Miss Bruggeman
Clement's Servant	Miss Story
Wellbred's Servant	Miss Hodgdon
Dame Kitely, Kitely's Wife	Miss Simmons
Mrs. Bridget, his Sister	Miss Morse
Tib, Cob's Wife	Miss Sims

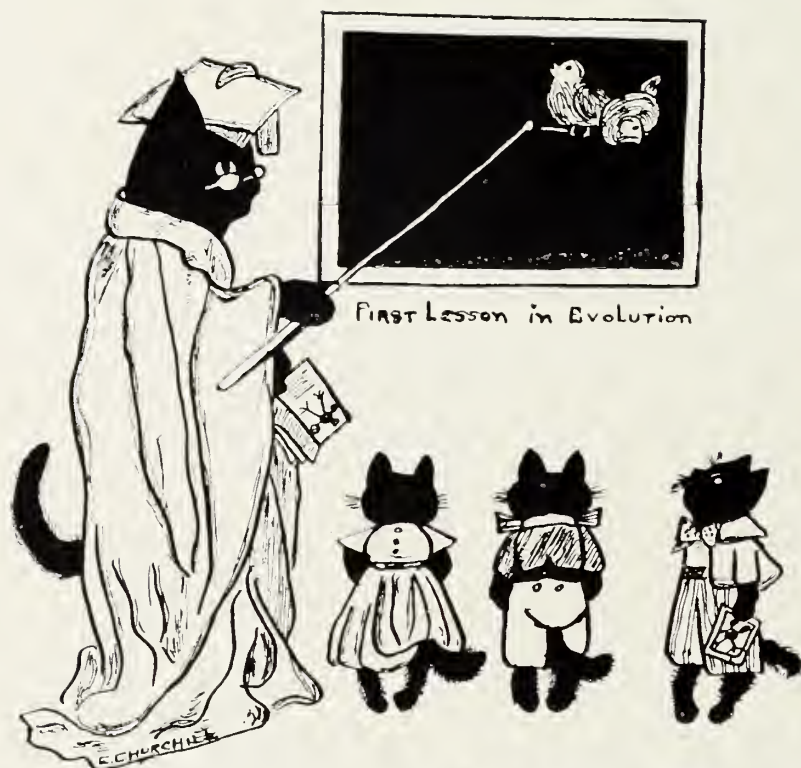
Scene: London, 1598

Part I—Scene 1, Before Knowell's House. Scene 2, A Room in Cob's House. Scene 3, A Hall in Kitely's House. Scene 4, Moorfields. Scene 5, The Windmill Tavern.

Part II—Scene 1, Kitely's Warehouse. Scene 2, The Old Jewry. Scene 3, A Room in Kitely's House. Scene 4, A Hall in Clement's House.

Music by the Eichborn Trio

Produced under the auspices of the Southwick Literary Society by Mr. Walter Bradley Tripp.



# SENIORS

## Seniors

### CLASS MOTTO

*Only live fish can swim up stream*

### OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	.	.	.	.	.	EVA H. CHURCHILL
VICE-PRESIDENT	.	.	.	.	.	MARION G. WEBSTER
SECRETARY	.	.	.	.	.	ANNIE A. HOWES
TREASURER	.	.	.	.	.	MARGARET M. McCARTHY

CLASS COLORS . . . . . GOLD AND WHITE

CLASS FLOWER . . . . . DAISY

### CLASS YELL

OSK-KE-WOW-WOW

SKINNY-WOW-WOW

W—O—O—W!

## Class of 1911

When Time was travelling through the East this Spring he took up a piece of clay (the Class of 1911) which lay in his path and was surprised to find that it had so sweet an odour. "It is a poor piece of clay," said he, "yet how sweet it is! How fresh! But whence has it this scent?" The clay answered, "I have dwelt with the rose."

This lump of clay which came to the hands of the potter three years ago has now come to the end of its training and must leave its brief record in print. It is the custom to give a detailed account of each day's happenings; like results of class elections, parties, "stunts," rivalries, successes, defeats, and all features of passing interest, but we wish rather to consider our history from another viewpoint and record in our limited way appreciations which are nearer to us and more lasting than the "passing show."

We know that the doctrines of our Puritanic forefathers made the gigantic foundation of freedom which we enjoy to-day. The few eternal truths upon which their faith was fastened defy any change and will remain the heritage of mankind. In the primer with which we became acquainted

in our first year, were multiple doctrines, the letter of which we learned and now the spirit of which we begin to see is most practical, deep, and strong.

Emerson College has planted the seed of personal culture and individual expression. A Harvard professor says correctly that evolution is the education of the race and education is the evolution of the individual. Our work has given us the knowledge that makes life richer; the friendship that makes life sweeter; the training which brings power to the task which is hard and high; the wisdom that suffers, and triumphs, and is strong; that vision that shall light our way like a pillar of fire.

In these few terms at Emerson we have merely set our compass and now expect to leave our moorings and sail for a chosen port, and it is here our real history begins. We set sail in full realization of the fact that a calm sea does not await us, and that antagonism of the elements will call for discipline and skill. In conclusion we would mention the encouragement and hope we have received from the companionship of the journey-men who have travelled farther than we have, and who through criticism and sympathy have planted the seed of broad living and service in the soil of our minds. From them we gladly seek new opportunities, assume new responsibilities, and trust to the issues.

The first chapter of the history of Class 1911 is now finished.







SENIOR CLASS



CAST OF CHARACTERS IN "THE SENIOR"



# Senior Stunt

## "THE SENIOR"

By Inez Jackson

### A MORAL PLAY MODELED ON "EVERYMAN"

Presented by the Class of Nineteen Eleven  
Time—Present. Place—Boston. Scene—The Senior's Study

### CAST

In order of entrance

The Messenger.....	Margaret McCarthy
Dean Ross.....	Otis Earl Knight
Flunks.....	Eleanor Pomeroy
The Senior.....	Warren Ballou Brigham
Fraternity.....	Luzerne Crandall
Sorority Maids.....	Marguerite Albertson, Victoria Cameron
Athletic Leader.....	Helen Rodger
Bluff.....	Madeline Randall
Crushes.....	May Green
Class Spirit.....	Mabel Randall
Good Grades.....	Ruth Andrew

### CHORUSES

#### Athletic Girls

Helen Rodger	Eileen Whipple
Evelyn Cash	Meda Bushnell
Helen Symonds	Bernice Loveland

#### Society Chorus

Mae Green	Ruth Robinson
Bertha Wiley	Sheila McLane
Jessie Weems	Edith Newton

Gertrude Knapp

#### Class Spirit

Mabel Randall	Mina Decker
Elizabeth Powers	Alice Best
Ruth Barnum	Grace Loverin
Grace Ham	Alice Bartlett

Lucille Barry

### STUNT COMMITTEE

Chairman, Josephine W. Lyon	
Faye Smiley	Belle Pugh
Mae Green	Evelyn Cash
Warren Ballou Brigham	



MARGUERITE RAY ALBERTSON, ΦMF

Bridgton, New Jersey.

Her frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens are.

BEULAH MAUDE ALCORN.

Snowhomish, Washington.

Her voice was low, soft and gentle—  
An excellent thing in woman.



KETURAH RUTH ANDREW.

Brookline, Massachusetts.

Students' Council (3).

Good, the more communicated, the more abundant  
grows.

RUTH CLEVELAND BARNUM, ZPH

California, Pennsylvania.

Class Vice-President (1, 2). Endowment Committee (1). Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (2).

Y. W. C. A. President (3).

So didst thou travel on life's weary way  
In cheerful godliness.



LUCILE BARRY

Paterson, New Jersey.

We greet thee like a pleasant thought.



ALICE MAUD BARTLETT

Rockland, Maine.

Year Book (3).

O don't you remember sweet Alice,  
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown.





LOIS ANNABELLE BEIL, ZΦH

Tacoma, Washington.

Stunt Committee (2). Class Secretary (2). Y. W.  
C. A. Cabinet (2, 3). Magazine Board (3).

A noble spirit in a noble form.

ALICE FLORA BEST

Fremont, North Carolina.

Junior Week Committee (2). Students' Council (3).

Though she promise to her loss, she makes her  
promise good.



WARREN BALLOU BRIGHAM, ΦAT

Brooklyn, New York.

Class Orator (3). Stunt Committee (3).

Nowhere so busy a man as he there was,  
And yet he seemed busier than he was.

ESTHER HAWLEY BUCKLIN

New Westminster, British Columbia.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.



MEDA MAY BUSHNELL, ΦΜΨ

East Le Roy, Michigan.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)  
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire until  
she spoke.

VICTORIA MAXWELL CAMERON

Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Year Book (3).

Meekness, simplicity, and grace  
Adorned her speech, her air, her face.





EVELYN FOSTER CASH, ΦΜΓ

Pontiac, Michigan.

Magazine Board (2). Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (2).  
Sec. and Treas. Students' Association (3).

Her buoyant steps as light as air,  
Her gifts and graces manifold.

EVA HAMMOND CHURCHILL, ΦΜΓ

Roslindale, Massachusetts.

Students' Council (1). Stunt Committee (1). Chr.  
Stunt Committee (2). Class President (3).

Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.



LUCILE M. COBB

Tuskegee, Alabama.

Thy zeal shall find repose at last, firm friend of  
human kind.



ALICE EUGENIE CONANT

Plainfield, New Jersey.

Calm, as the gentle light of summer eves.



LUZERNE WESTCOTT CRANDALL

Oneonta, New York.

Class Historian (3).

Though he be blunt, yet I know him passing wise.

ARMINA FRANCES DECKER

Montgomery, Pennsylvania.

And that smile, like sunshine dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.





MARY ANGELO EDWARDS

Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Come one, come all, this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I.

BESSIE ROBINA GATES

Middleton, Nova Scotia.

As sunshine broken in the rill  
Though turned away is sunshine still.



MAY EMMA GREEN, ΔΔΦ

Brookline, Massachusetts.

A foot more light, a step more true,  
Ne'er from the hearth-flower dashed the dew.





MARY GREGG

California, Pennsylvania.

Thy sweet smile haunts me still.



GRACE CHESLEY HAM

Exeter, New Hampshire.

As merry as the day is long.



ESTELLE KATHARINE HENRY, ΔΔΦ

Cleveland, Ohio.

Stunt Committee (1, 2). Class Marshall (2). College News Editor (2).

The power of thought—the magic of the mind.



SIBYL LOURANA HOWENDOBLE, ΦMT

Perry, Oklahoma.

Man delights not me.



ANNIE AZUBAH HOWES

Southboro, Massachusetts.

Class Secretary (3). Year Book (3).

Thought is deeper than all speech.



REGINA CLAIRE INGERSOLL

East Oelwein, Iowa.

Great ones have been among us; hands that penned  
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none.



GERTRUDE E. KNAPP, ΔΔΦ

Dorchester, Massachusetts.

Around her shone  
The nameless charms unmasked by her alone.



OTIS EARL KNIGHT

Temple, Texas.

A generous heart—and great.



BERNICE LOUISE LOVELAND, ΦΜΓ

Hartford, Connecticut.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (3).

On her fair brow I never saw the night  
But Hope's glad star shone there.





GRACE BELLE LOVERIN

Tilton, New Hampshire.

Just live thy life. Seem what thou art,  
Nor from simplicity depart  
And peace shall come upon thy heart.  
Just live thy life.

JOSEPHINE WESTFALL LYON, ΦΜΓ

Port Jervis, New York.

Stunt Committee (1, 2). Glee Club (1). Junior  
Prom Committee (2). Chr. Stunt Committee (3).

A heart to resolve—a head to contrive, and a hand  
to execute.



MARGARET MARY McCARTHY

Mellen, Wisconsin.

Class Treasurer (3). Year Book (3).

Since my eye is single to truth, my whole body  
is now filled with light, life, energy, health.

—McCauley

## LAURA VIC MacKENZIE

Blossburg, Pennsylvania.

He who, from zone to zone  
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight  
 In the long way that I must tread alone,  
 Will lead my steps aright.



## SHEILA BELLE MacLANE, ZPH

Holyoke, Massachusetts.

I am the daughters of my father's house,  
 And all the brothers, too.



## MARIE ELIZABETH NEAHR, ZPH

Gloversville, New York.

Class Secretary (1). Stunt Committee (1). Students' Council (1). Junior Week Com. (2).

Her hair was not more sunny than her heart,  
 Though like a natural golden coronet  
 It circled her dear head with careless art.





EDITH SARAH NEWTON, KFX

West Haven, Connecticut.

Alack there is more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords.

.

EDITH MAY NOLTIMIER

St. Paul Park, Minnesota.

The strength of gentleness, the might of meekness,  
The glory of a courage unafraid,  
A constant love, a tenderness for weakness,  
Were in her face and in her life displayed.



LURA IRENE PELLETIER, ZPhi

Stella, North Carolina.  
Students' Council (2).

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morn-  
ing birds;  
And something more than melody dwells even in  
her words.

## ELEANOR WILBUR POMEROY

Pembroke, Maine.

Chairman Stunt Committee (1). Class President  
(2). Students' Council (2). Editor of Magazine (3). Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (3).

I do the very best I know how—the very best I can, and I mean to keep on doing so to the end. If the end brings me out all right, what's said against me won't amount to anything.



## LENORE HILDRETH POPPLER

Fargo, North Dakota.

A perfect woman, nobly planned—to warn, to counsel and command.

## ELIZABETH B. POWERS

Glens Falls, New York.

To live in the hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.







ZULA BELLE PUGH

Wauscon, Ohio.

Junior Prom Committee (2). Stunt Committee (3).

Simple graces and manners sweet,  
Dignify her humblest duty.

MABELLE CLAIRE RANDALL

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

President Y. W. C. A. (2).

I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the winds  
To blow on whom I please.



MADELINE ISABEL RANDALL

St Johnsbury, Vermont.

She comes,—the spirit of the dance,  
And but for those large eloquent eyes,  
Where passion speaks in every glance,  
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies.



CORINNE ANTOINETTE REDFIELD

Syracuse, New York.

A happy wit, and independent spirit,  
And then—you're brave, too.



RUTH I. ROBINSON

Weedsport, New York.

As constant as the northern star.



HELEN E. RODGER

Hammond, New York.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (3).

As pure in thought as angels are ;  
To know her was to love her.





IKU SAEGUSA

Tokyo, Japan.

A mind whose chords, like the Aeolian harp,  
Respondeth to the lightest breeze that sighs.

HENRIETTA M. SIMPSON

Sullivan, Maine.

Students' Council (1). Endowment Com. (3).

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;  
The quiet mind is richer than a crown.



FAYE LOUISE SMILEY, ZFH

Albany, New York.

Junior Week Committee (2). Stunt Committee  
(3). Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (3). Vice-Presi-  
dent Students' Association (3).

A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet.



FRANCES A. SPEAKMAN

Monmouth, Illinois.

Magazine Board (1). Glee Club (1). Students'  
Council (1). Class Poet (3).

God on thee  
Abundantly his gifts hath poured.



HELEN W. SYMONDS, ZPH

Springfield, Massachusetts.

Those who know thee, know all words are faint.

MARION GERTRUDE WEBSTER

Hancock, New Hampshire.

Chr. Junior Week Committee (2). Sec. and Treas.  
Students' Association (2). Class Vice-  
President (3).

I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.





JESSIE MAYNARD WEEMS, ΔΔΦ

Quincy, Illinois.

Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
Is charming young Jessie, the fairest o' all.

EILEEN HARRISON WHIPPLE

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Hers all that Earth could promise or bestow,—  
Youth, Beauty, Love, the beckoning years.



WINTIE BOWMAN WHITSEL, ΔΔΦ

Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Secretary Y. W. C. A. (1). Chairman Junior Prom  
Committee (2). Students' Council (2).  
Commencement Committee (3).

The fairest garden in your looks,  
And in your mind the wisest books.

## ESTELLE O. WILCOX

Plymouth, New Hampshire.

Smile a smile;  
While you smile,  
Another smiles,  
And soon there's miles  
And miles  
Of smiles.



## BERTHA M. WILEY, ΦΜΦ

Sidney, Ohio.

Glee Club (1). Junior Week Committee (2). Class  
Treasurer (2). Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (3).  
Year Book (3).

A golden sentence writ by thy Maker.



## GERTRUDE LITCHFIELD

Southbridge, Massachusetts.

Published "Les Enfants"—a book of Canadian  
Verse (3).

She builds not on the ground, but in the mind.  
Her open-hearted palaces.

## ELIZABETH HELEN HOWXBY

Nemaha, Nebraska.

"Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock;  
How clear they are, how dark they are!"



## Iris

Fair Iris, maiden-messenger of gods,  
 From high Olympus bore her steadfast way;  
 On golden wings 'twixt heaven and earth she flew,  
 Holding before, the herald staff of power,  
 And in her upraised hand a vase of gold,  
 The precious gift of Jupiter himself.  
 Her misty robe touched with prismatic hues  
 Enveloped her in soft, alluring folds,  
 And brave of heart she faced the lowering skies,  
 Drove Mars' swift steeds where furious battle raged  
 To help the wounded Venus' smarting pain;  
 And led with eloquence of heavenly mien  
 The lusty Winds her bidding to obey.  
 And those who saw her colors in the sky  
 Knew then that Iris brave and beautiful,  
 And eloquent with fancies of the gods  
 Was coming forth from high Olympus' seat.

But jealous clouds piling their misty walls  
 Have shrouded great Olympus from our sight.  
 Iris the beautiful, with golden wings,  
 No longer treads the rosy arch of heaven;  
 For as we gaze the maid of Mythland fades,—  
 A fleeting rainbow on the distant sky.  
 Yet shall the Iris of our yesterdays  
 Show forth the fairer Iris of today.  
 Clad in the white robe of her maidenhood,  
 And bearing like the Iris of the bow  
 The herald-staff and vase of purest gold.  
 She comes, the messenger of Truth and Right  
 To help the world with her sweet eloquence.  
 She too is brave of heart, and swift of foot  
 To ease her wounded sister's deadly pain;  
 And she will touch the sombre sky of life  
 With rainbow tints from the Immortals' seat.  
 Such, let the world take note, will be  
 The rainbow goddess,—Iris of Today.

—Caroline Richards.



Junior



## Junior Class

President.....Sylvia Leland  
 Vice-President.....Lillian R. Hartigan  
 Secretary.....Ione Velma Stevens  
 Treasurer.....Alecia E. Conlon  
 Magazine Reporter.....Marian L. Colby

Class Colors—Old Rose and Green.

Class Yell

Hipte miliga holiga sopsa hipsa

He Ho

We're the Class of 1912

We are So

EMERSON, '12, '12, '12.

## Class Roll

Abbie A. Ball, Knowlton, Quebec.  
 Inez M. Banghart, Maquoketa, Iowa.  
 Beulah Batchelor, Camden, N. Y.  
 Winifred H. Bent, West Somerville, Mass.  
 Rose G. Boynton, New Prague, Minn.  
 Muriel M. Brennan, Harbor Beach, Mich.  
 Nellie C. Burke, Ellensburg, Wash.  
 Victor D. Button, Sheldon, Ia.  
 Edna D. Chase, Blossburg, Pa.  
 Olive B. Clark, Milford, N. H.  
 Margaret R. Clough, Groton, Mass.  
 Diana Coad, Livermore, Pa.  
 Marian L. Colby, Hartford, Conn.  
 Alecia Conlon, Thorold, Ontario.  
 Margaret A. Davidson, Ellensburg, Wash.  
 Frederick R. Dixon, Glastonbury, Conn.  
 Ella S. Dornon, New Alexandria, Pa.  
 Ella Eastman, Exeter, N. H.  
 Mary V. Edwards, Wilson, N. C.  
 Edna Gilky, Shanagolden, Wis.  
 Mary T. Hackett, Bristol, R. I.  
 Mildred E. Hamilton, Reading, Mass.  
 Lillian R. Hartigan, Brookline, Mass.  
 Eleanor H. Hodges, Massena, N. Y.  
 Anne M. Keck, Johnstown, N. Y.  
 Agnes S. Kent, Montclair, N. J.  
 Edna Lois Kerr, Peoria, Ill.  
 Leah King, Bloomfield, N. J.

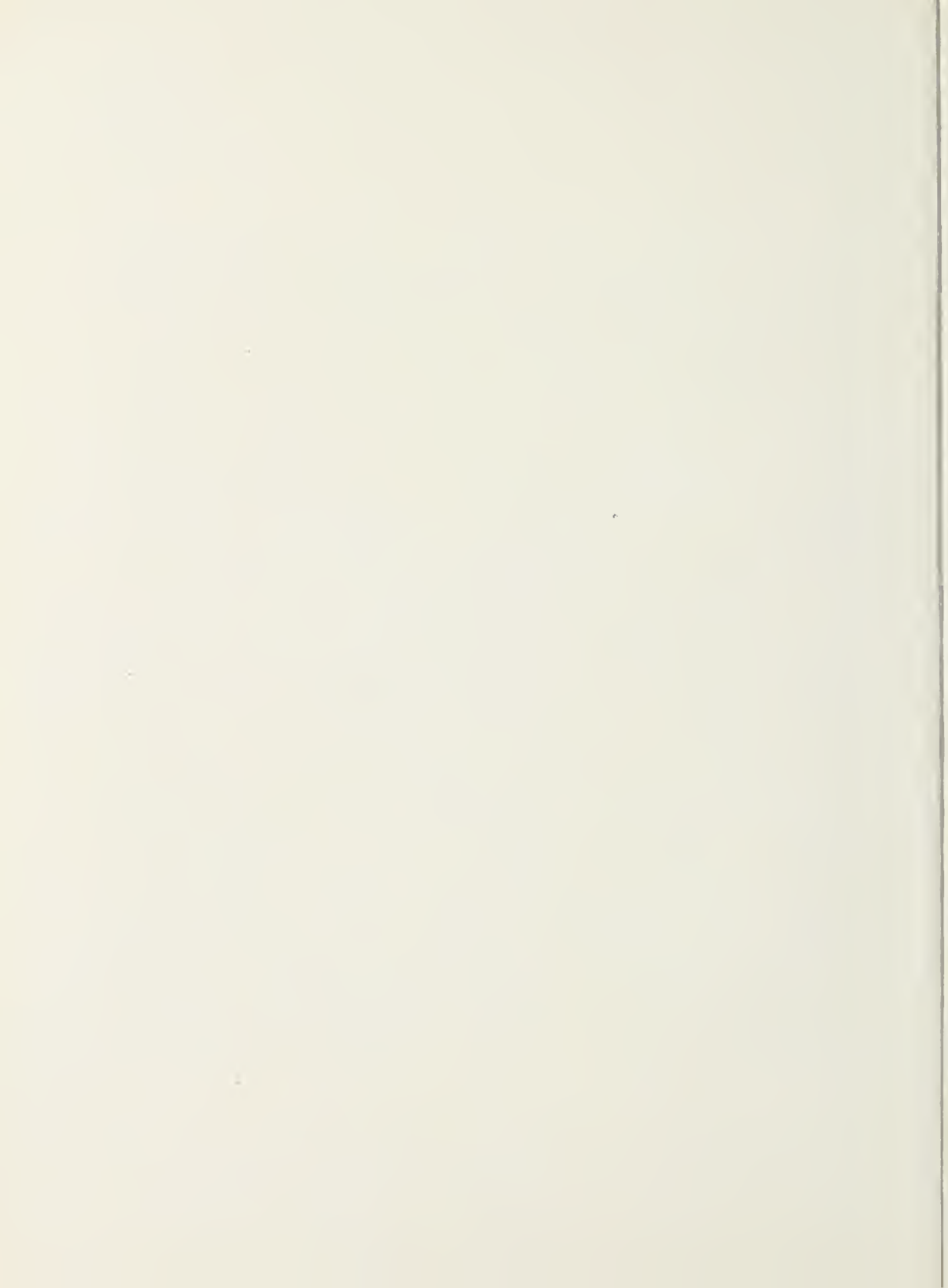
Julia E. E. Krantz, Adamstown, Md.  
 Anna J. Leddy, Epping, N. H.  
 Sylvia A. Leland, Bar Harbor, Me.  
 Elizabeth B. Leonard, Uniontown, Pa.  
 Annice A. Lowry, Columbia, S. C.  
 Grace Lowry, Mart, Texas.  
 Lenella B. McKown, Boothbay Harbor,  
 Me.  
 Emily L. Maps, Long Branch, N. J.  
 Alla M. Martin, Elgin, Ill.  
 Evelyn C. Oelkers, N. Tonawanda, N. Y.  
 Harriet C. Palmer, Ogdensburg, N. Y.  
 Elizabeth Janet Rae, Madison, S. D.  
 Frances G. Riorden, Niagara Falls, N. Y.  
 Grace C. Rosaaen, Seattle, Wash.  
 Ruth R. Roane, Springfield, Mass.  
 Mary W. Safford, Jamaica Plain, Mass.  
 Mary Sandstrom, Oregon City, Oregon.  
 Ruby Shayne, Dallas, Texas.  
 Elizabeth C. J. Smith, Erie, Pa.  
 Edna N. Spear, Tyler, Texas.  
 Ione V. Stevens, Detroit, Mich.  
 Mary M. Sullivan, Westerly, R. I.  
 A. Lillian Walker, Kittery Point, Me.  
 Neva F. Walter, West Pittston, Pa.  
 Ruth Beth Watts, Kingston, Pa.  
 Jean C. Welsh, Gorham, N. H.







**JUNIOR CLASS**





## Junior Stunt

### "COLONIAL DAYS"

Presented by the Junior Class of Emerson College

#### SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act I. A Colonial Home. Breakfast. The Message. "Out of the North the wild news came." The Departure.

Act II. A Camp Scene. Blair wounded. Virginia, his nurse. His dream. "Sweet as a shadow, short as any dream."

Act III. The Return. Virginia's news. Darkies' Jubilee.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Blair Carver.....	Frederick Dixon
Virginia Lee.....	Margaret Davidson
Mrs. Carver, Blair's mother.....	Lillian Walker
Mrs. Warrington, his grandmother.....	Grace Lowry
Dorothy Carver, his sister.....	Julia Krantz
Eleanor Hampton, nurse.....	Jean Welsh

#### MINUET

Winnifred Bent	Marian Colby
Beulah Batchelor	Jane Rae
Anna Leddy	Grace Rossan
Ione Stevens	Edna Spear
Ella Dornon	Eleanor Hodges
Sylvia Leland	Alecia Conlon

#### SOLDIERS

Edna Case, Captain

Ruth Roane	Mildred Hamilton
Emily Maps	Alla Martin
Mary Sandstrom	Ella Eastman
Elizabeth Leonard	Rose Boynton
Abbie Ball	Olive Clark
May Hackett	Lenella McKown
Margaret Clough	Ruby Shayne

#### NEGROES

Old Mammy.....	Mrs. Safford
Sam.....	May Sullivan
Jose.....	Ruth Watts
Louise.....	Anna Keck

#### EXECUTIVE STAFF FOR THE JUNIOR CLASS

Lillian R. Hartigan	Nellie Charlotte Burke	Leah King
Musical Director, Evelyn Oelkers		
"Auf Wiedersehen"		



## The Slipper That Went to the Prom

With apologies to Miss McKown

I, a lavender slipper of satin, was packed away so neat  
On the topmost shelf of Weber's store, somewhere on Washington  
Street,

When a clerk took me from my box to display to an Emerson girl,  
Quite an attractive Miss, dark-eyed, and with beautiful teeth of pearl.

"If only I fit that foot, I'll be happy as happy as can be."  
The clerk slipped me on, and I fitted so snug that I nearly wrinkled  
with glee.

She thrust out her foot in a graceful-like way, while her smile made  
me think I would do.

"It is just the right size," she said to her friend, "and will match  
my gown perfectly, too."



My sister and I in a blue paper wrapped, were soon on an old  
trolley car,  
With her heel on my toe, and the car going slow, it seemed that  
we went very far.  
We were finally placed on a high closet shelf, and I wished we were  
back in the store,  
For a glassy-eyed wolf glared at me in the dark, when my mistress  
had fastened the door.

But one memorable eve, my sister and I were brought out, and set  
on a chair,  
And looked 'round the room for clerks and for shelves, while my  
mistress was pinning on hair.  
Then I went down the stairs, feeling happy and warm, enclosing  
the sweet lady's foot,  
And there in the hall, of a very large size, were some pumps that  
were blacker than soot.

\* \* \* \* \*

We soon were all riding a taxi-cab car,  
Which ran very slow and ran very far,  
But ere we arrived at Whitney Hall Gate  
A small crowd had gathered, for we had come late.



A lady who wore some slippers of grey  
Spoke to my mistress, and led us away.  
All bowed to some people who looked very fine;  
I think that they called it the "receiving line."

Then that man took my mistress behind a big palm,  
And they sat rather close, but in that is no harm;  
Yet those pumps were so big and so ugly and glum  
That they gave me the blues and made me quite dumb.

Every minute I ached to go out on the floor,  
For I saw many friends from the Sample Shoe Store;  
Other lavender slippers, pink, and some white as snow,  
But everywhere that slippers went some pumps were sure to go.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then some funny-looking men made a funny-sounding noise  
Which did a very funny thing, for all the girls and boys  
Began to whirl and whirl around at a very rapid pace;  
Some were full of awkwardness, and some were full of grace.



My mistress and her gentleman were whirling with the crowd,  
When a huge black pump hit me so hard I thought I'd scream aloud.  
To my many, many friends I could scarcely say "Hello,"  
For my head felt sore and dizzy when I wasn't on the go.

But I'm sure that other slippers were having troubles too.  
A dainty pink became detached, and across the floor it flew.  
Its mistress looked quite miserable, her friend looked like to cuss,  
And the slipper turned a deeper pink, 'twas so conspicuous.

I was very tired that evening when I reached home again,  
Yet woke before my mistress did, next day at half-past ten.  
She took some soap and water to scrub my marks away,  
But dropped a tear and sighed to me, "You've had your bestest day."

And now I'm on the shelf again, near the wolf with glassy eyes,  
But as one is growing older, so one is growing wise.  
To bear darkness, wolves and quiet is not so very hard  
When one has had experience at the Junior Promenade.

—F. D.





*Freshman.*

## Freshman Class

President.....	Jessie Dalton
Vice-President.....	Rhea Ashley
Secretary.....	Helen Hubbard
Treasurer.....	Helen Brewer

Class Colors—Red and White

Class Flower—Red Carnation

### Class Yell

One-two-three-four,

Who for? What for?

Who are we going to yell for?

Who do you suppose for?

Emerson! Emerson! Emerson!

### Class Roll

Rhea E. Ashley, Middleton, N. Y.	Hazel P. Hammond, Dover, N. H.
Lillian M. Auue, Cameron, Wis.	Carrie Maud Henkel, Niles, Mich.
Hazel Bartlett, Gardner, Mass.	Florence F. Hinckler, Everett, Mass.
Inez W. Bassett, Middleboro, Mass.	Helen Hubbard, Stamford, N. Y.
Laura E. Bell, Enosburg Falls, Vt.	Lynn Hunt, Morris, N. Y.
Wilton Bennet, Jr., Port Jervis, N. Y.	Geraldine Jacobi, Grand Forks, N. Dak.
Alvina A. Blanchard, Hampden, Me.	Victoria Johnson, Jamestown, N. Y.
Disa E. Brackett, Roxbury, Mass.	Hazel A. Jones, Townshend, Vt.
Helen Brewer, Bar Harbor, Me.	Florence C. Lane, Lanes Mills, Pa.
Gladys L. Brightman, Fall River, Mass.	G. M. Lowry, Mart, Texas.
Ethel Brooks, Cambridge, Mass.	Clara A. MacDonald, Brockton, Mass.
Lillian M. Brown, Springfield, Mass.	Vera L. McDonald, Allston, Mass.
Allene Buckhout, Ossining, N. Y.	Jean M. Matheson, Plainfield, Nova Scotia.
Esther W. Burch, Stanford, Ky.	Eleanor C. Mulrey, Winthrop, Mass.
Lillian A. Carlen, Winthrop, Mass.	Mena Partridge, Afton, N. Y.
Mollie Chase, Tilton, N. H.	Alice L. Pearson, Newton Center, Mass.
Lillian L. Clark, Niantic, Conn.	Anna Podren, Somerville, Mass.
Mabelle M. Clow, Rochester, N. H.	Lillian Porter, Dallas, Texas.
Mary A. Cody, Cambridge, Mass.	Lucile De Reynolds, Assonet, Mass.
Jessie J. Dalton, West End, N. J.	Mary Rogers, Watervliet, N. Y.
Elizabeth W. Davidson, Beaver, Pa.	Eloise Ross, Noank, Conn.
Jennie D. Dodd, Vaughn, Wash.	Ethan Allen Snivley, Canton, Ill.
Frances Donovan, West Somerville, Mass.	Hazel Taft, Townshend, Vt.
Bernice M. Durgin, W. Barrington, N. H.	Rachel Thayer, Norwich, Conn.
Amy L. Fahrney, Frederick, Maryland.	Charles Thurlow, Battle Creek, Mich.
Eva E. Felker, Burlington, Ia.	Ruth Timmerman, Ames, N. Y.
Abbie M. Fowler, Rome, N. Y.	Edith Walton, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Bertha Gorman, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Canada.	Ruth West, Shelburne, Vt.
Alice D. Green, Lakeland, Fla.	Marjorie Westcott, Richford, N. Y.
Amelia M. Green, St. John, N. B.	Josephine Whitaker, Arlington, Mass.
Clara B. Gunderson, Huron, S. Dak.	Dorothy Wright, Dover, N. H.









FRESHMAN CLASS





## Serious and Frivolous Facts

### About the Great and the Near-Great in the Freshman Class

First there is "Ashley," superb like Diana,  
Of debonair type, and most charming manner.  
Next there is "Aune," with voice of wide range,  
A very dear girl, which of course is not strange.

Third, there is "Bassett," a fluffy-haired blond;  
Of Recital Class this girl is quite fond.  
And then there is "Bell," whose strong point is fun;  
She has always a smile and many a pun.

Fifth comes our "Bennett," so clever and classy,  
Who with his good features would charm any lassy.  
"Blanchard," the fair captain of Division A,  
Does her best to take record in Chapel each day.

"Brackett," from Roxbury, is a lithe, dainty girl,  
Whom a certain Stone student thinks Emerson's pearl.  
And then there is "Brewer," who knows all the arts,  
And is 'specially fond of breaking men's hearts.

Our "Brightman" at Winthrop met one at a game,  
And never again will she be quite the same.  
"Brooks," who was "Currie," did a wonderful act,  
And gave prestige to Freshmen by her marvelous tact.

Next there is "Brown," on study most bent,  
Who reads "Gene Field" to her heart's sweet content.  
And then there is "Buckhout," who arrived rather late;  
Suffragette, critic, great in debate.

"Bartlett" too, who so recently came  
She's barely enlisted in this roll of fame.  
Then a mysterious young lady we're apt to call "Clark,"  
Whose frequent trips home keep us all in the dark.

And you ought to know "Clough," who in "prep" was a  
"shark,"  
But seems to take Emerson more as a lark.  
We now come to "Cody," no traveler we fear.  
For she finds hard the journey from Palm Beach to here.

Next is "Dalton," our class-mate official;  
'Tis rumored she's likely to change her initial.  
"Davidson," jollying, young diplomat,  
Who exclaims, "Now, really, I couldn't get that!"

"Durgin," who once to old Simmons went,  
Is now on Emerson theory intent.  
"Dodd," who appears so mild and so meek,  
Actually shocked us in Vocal Technique.

"Fahrney," from the Sunny South has come aout;  
And really likes Emerson, there is no daout.  
And then there is "Felker," with that psychic hand,  
And a hearty "All Hail" from the Bill Bryan land.

We would advise "Fowler" in Vocal Technique  
To think of her mouth for many a week.  
"Gorman," who hails from the Canadian border,  
Did such splendid "ringing" we had to applaud her.

"Gunderson" likes Emerson too, you bet,  
Though she hasn't got used to the climate quite yet.  
"Hammond," a girl quite apt to be thin,  
Peeked through Chapel key-hole, slipped and fell in.

Of "Henkel" we could sing a right breezy ditty;  
She comes from Chicago, the famed Windy City.  
"Hinckley" is right in the midst of the din;  
If you meet her, you'll see her Sorority pin.

"Hubbard" like raven, and yet like a rose,  
Must break many hearts, at least, so we suppose.  
"Hunt" is indeed of the kind that is rarer,  
As we cannot list him in the sex of the fairer.

"Jacobi," who's the girl from the far Golden West,  
Is breezy and jolly, and works with a zest.  
"Jones" hails from Vermont, the Green Mountain State,  
With maple sugar for "K." a little bit late.

"Lowrie," a breath from the wide prairie land,  
Has a smile that is modest, though her bearing is grand.  
"MacDonald" with manner that's somewhat demure,  
And yet with a charm that is fatal and sure.

We are lucky in having two of this name—  
"Vera," as house-party hostess has fame.

"Matheson's" goodness we can not o'er-rate,  
E'en though she is sober and a little sedate.

"Mulrey" is a stately, Minerva-like blond,  
Of every-day travel this girl seems quite fond.  
"Partridge" is a shy and bashful young creature,  
But speaking of coyness, there's no one to teach her.

"Pearson" at the dance come in mighty handy,  
Her smile was so bright that she sold lots of candy.  
That "Porter" from the West, with rare golden locks,  
Of Page and Shaw's candy eats many a box.

"Padren" surely will, if she follows her line,  
Be very successful, indeed superfine.  
"Reynolds," from Fall River, has proven so smart,  
Her coming so late we have taken to heart.

Do not presume to judge "Ross" by her height,  
For she has will power, and a great deal of might.  
"Snively's" from a city in far Illinois;  
The late novels and plays are enjoyed by this boy.

"Taft" in Evolution won deserving applause  
For throwing out feet, in the very good cause.  
"Thayer" in vacation is sure to be busy;  
No moving pictures could make her head dizzy.

"Walton," though Puritan-like and quite staid,  
A favorable impression most surely has made.  
"West" is to change her present vocation  
For domestic science, after vacation.

If it were not for "Westcott" we never would know  
When it was time to get up and go.  
These are the insights, all very keen,  
Of the illustrious class, known as thirteen.

L. R. C., '13



# The Green Book

By Freshman Class  
Emerson College of Oratory  
March 30, 1911

## COVER

Rhea Ashley, Mary Cody

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Victor Talking Machine

Misses Hammond, Felker, Walton, Westcott, Jones,  
Hinckley, and MacDonald

"U need a biscuit"

Mabelle Clow

"Sante Fe all the way"

Alice Piersen, Allene Buckhout

"The smile that won't come off"

Lillian Aune

High as the Alps in quality"

Docia Dodd

## FRONTISPIECE

Portrait of a Lady

Elizabeth Davidson

Judicial Negligence—a story by Ellis Parker Butler

Characters—Misses Matheson, Bartlett, Bassett, Brown and  
West

Poem (original)

Lynn Hunt

"The old, old story"—a ballad in black

Misses Reynolds, Ross, Blanchard and Mr. Bennet

Song—"Because"

Mr. Bennet

## ADVERTISEMENTS

"Just add hot water and serve"

Vera MacDonald and Helen Hubbard

"Chases the dirt"

Bessie Bell

"The children like it"

Mr. Johnson

"Ideal food beverage"

Bernice Durgin

"Comes out like a ribbon, lies flat on the brush"

Misses Carlen, Brewer, Brackett, and Partridge

"Have you a little fairy in your home?"

Amy Fahrney

## FINIS

Mrs. Brooks

Stunt Committee—Ethan Allen Snivley, Gladys Brightman,  
Rachel Thayer, Abbie Fowler, Hazel Taft

Reader, Geraldine Jacobi

Musical Director, Eleanor Mulrey

## A Flying Song

Oh, such a rumpus up in the air  
When Wright called "Hi, there, hi!"  
Such spreading of balancing planes so wide  
As they were preparing to fly.  
And, "Are you ready?" Herr Zeppelin asks  
"Past time to start you know."  
"Almost, old chap," Glenn Curtiss replied,  
"I'll follow as soon as you go."  
Then "Hip, hip! hurrah!" a chorus came  
Of cheering loud and long  
From the millions of spectators gathered around  
And millions beginning to come.

"I'll smash your record," Glenn Curtiss said—  
"Just wait and see if I don't."  
And right then and there Herr Zeppelin cried,  
"I guess, by golly, you won't."  
"And while you're about it," another spoke,  
"I guess I'll enter this ring."  
And Graham White only murmured, "I'm here."  
And sweet grew the air of spring.  
Then, "Hip, hip! hurrah!" a chorus came  
Of cheering loud and long  
From the millions of spectators gathered around,  
And millions beginning to come.

"Oh, the daring, brave men!" the giggling girls cried,  
"Though they do it for cash and renown,  
They never lose heart, though the blast shrieks loud,  
And the sleet and the hail come down,  
But patiently each steers his flying-machine,  
For a trip once or twice round the town,  
And now they are going to fly round the globe,  
For the first, there's a laurel-wreath crown."  
And well may everyone shout "Hurrah!"  
In a chorus loud and long.  
For the aviators will change the world.  
When never a thing goes wrong.

—L. D. Hunt

## Special Students

Anna Emilia Bagstad Ashland, Wis.  
Mrs. Lilla Bartlett, Boston, Mass.  
Gladys Berry, Boston, Mass.  
Mary Pierpont Blair, Boston, Mass.  
Mrs. Mary Francesca Blanchet, Manchester, N. H.  
Ida Bolonsky, Boston, Mass.  
Mrs. C. A. Briggs, Norwood, Mass.  
Helen L. Derham, East Douglas, Mass.  
Edna S. Easterday, Jefferson, Md.  
Ernst Otto Eckelmann, Cambridge, Mass.  
Jean Davidson Gillis, Chatham, N. B., Canada.  
Caroline L. Holland, Park Falls, Wis.  
Agnes P. E. Hutchinson, Boston, Mass.  
Stephen G. Lang, Boston, Mass.  
Lucy Lee, Boston, Mass.  
May M. Lynch, Boston, Mass.  
Mrs. Orissa McNally, Boston, Mass.  
Margaret B. Martin, San Antonio, Texas.  
Miriam Mitchell, Norwood, Mass.  
Eva A. Pulse, Lynchburg, Ohio.  
Edward M. Quimby, Jamaica Plain, Mass.  
Caroline Richards, Boston, Mass.  
Annie Ross, Halifax, N. S., Canada.  
Edith Jeanette Roddy, Meadville, Pa.  
Helen Aspinwall Smith, Boston, Mass.  
Mrs. Morrell Smith, Boston, Mass.  
Annie C. Wallace, Charlotte, N. C.  
Fannie Wallace, Minneapolis, Minn.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

## Students' Association

President.....Alma M. Bruggeman  
 Vice-President.....Faye Smiley  
 Secretary-Treasurer.....Evelyn F. Cash

### STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Mrs. Jane Phelps Allen, 1910	Sylvia Leland, 1912
Christine Hodgdon, 1910	Nellie Burke, 1912
Edith Hastings, 1910	Edna D. Case, 1912
Eva Churchill, 1911	Jessie Dalton, 1913
Alice Best, 1911	Elizabeth Davidson, 1913
Ruth Andrew, 1911	Rachel Thayer, 1913

### STUDENTS' ENDOWMENT COMMITTEE

Erma Tubbs, P. G.	Anna Keck, 1912
Minabel Garrett, P. G.	Margaret Davidson, 1912
Henrietta Simpsen, 1911	Lillian Clark, 1913
Maud Smith, 1911	Abbie Fowler, 1913

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE ENDOWMENT ASSOCIATION

Ebenezer Charlton Black	Harry Seymour Ross
Charles Winslow Kidder	Allen Arthur Stockdale
Nathaniel Edward Rieed	

In April, 1908, the students of Emerson College organized themselves into a Students' Association, the object being to control all and only such things as belong to the student body as a whole, and in this way to better the relations between the students, and to further the interests of the College.

Besides the usual President, Vice-President, and Secretary-Treasurer, the Association is officered by an advisory board, known as the Students' Council. This Council consists of the three officers of the Association as officers ex-officio, and twelve other members, three from each class. There is also an Endowment Committee made up of two members of each class. The Emerson College Endowment Association is under control of the Board of Directors, but the Student Committee is to keep in touch with them.

The Association assumes control of the Emerson College Magazine, which is published once a month throughout the College year, and this year it has charge of the College Year Book, "The Emersonian," hitherto under control of the Senior Class.

The Council has regular monthly meetings, and here plans are discussed and put under way that help the student body as a whole and also the Alma Mater.



MAGAZINE BOARD





# Emerson College Magazine

Published Monthly by the Students' Association  
of Emerson College

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## Editor-in-Chief

ELEANOR WILBUR POMEROY, '11

---

## Business Manager

VICTOR D. BUTTON, '12

---

## College News Editor

LOIS A. BEIL, '11

---

## Associate Editors

VEROQUA S. PETTY, '10

CAROLINE RICHARDS, '11

MARION COLBY, '12

LYNN D. HUNT, '13





# SOCIETIES





OFFICERS YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

## Young Women's Christian Association

"Life is Responsibility"

Officers and Cabinet

President.....	Ruth Cleveland Barnum
Vice-President.....	Ione V. Stevens
Secretary.....	Nellie Charlotte Burke
Treasurer.....	Esther Appleby
Devotional Committee.....	Eleanor Wilbur Pomeroy
Extension Committee.....	Esther Appleby
Salver Bay Committee.....	Mabelle Clair Randall
Missionary Committee.....	Bertha W. Wiley
Bible Study Committee.....	Bernice L. Loveland
Hand-book Committee.....	Lois Annabel Beil
Membership Committee.....	Ione V. Stevens
Visiting Committee.....	Leah King
Social Committee.....	Helen Elizabeth Rodger
Music Committee.....	Faye Louise Smiley
Inter-Collegiate Committee.....	Winifred Hamilton Bent



## Y. W. C. A. Calendar

September 30 to December 16

"The Association and Its Work"	Mrs. Frank Gaylord Cook
"Our Year's Work"	Ruth C. Barnum
Silver Bay Meeting	Maybelle C. Randall
"Social Ruts"	Stephen C. Lang
The Purpose of Our Education from a Post Graduate's Point of View	Mrs. Jane Phelps Allen
Y. W. C. A. Work in India	Miss Mary Hill
"The Potter's Wheel"	Mrs. Harriett C. Sleight
"Prayer"	Mrs. Allen A. Stockdale
"Bible Study"	Rev. Herbert Gallaudet
"The Purpose of an Education from a Senior's Point of View"	Marion Webster
"The New Christmas Carol"	Miss Harriett C. Sleight
The Purpose of an Education from a Junior's Point of View	Beulah Batchelor
Business Meeting	President
"Eager Heart"	Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick
"What is the Art of Life"	Miss Anna E. Bagstadt
"Prayer"	Miss Mary J. Corbett
"Jane Addams"	Mrs. Harry Seymour Ross
The Purpose of an Education from a Freshman's Point of View	Eloise C. Ross
"The Song of our Syrian Guest"	Ruth C. Barnum



## Canadian Club

Founded 1906

President.....	Alecia Conlon
Vice-President.....	Edna Weatherspoon
Secretary-Treasurer.....	Abbie A. Ball
Magazine Reporter.....	Florence O'Brien

### Student Members

Beulah M. Alcorn	Amelia Green
Abbie A. Ball	Jean Matheson
Alecia Conlon	Florence O'Brien
Robina Gates	Edna Weatherspoon
Bertha Gorman	

### Graduate Members

Jennie Archibald	Mr. Sumot
Helen Badgeley	Hazel Tait
Josephine Crichton	Bessie Beal
Margaret Fulton	Elizabeth Colwell
Sarah Dobson	Mary Creaghan
Mr. Sheldon	Mildred Forbes
Miss Stoop	Henrietta Rackham
Eva Griffith	Winifred Sinclair
Clara Haynes	Elizabeth White
Alice Mitchell	Amy G. Witter
Verna Sheldon	Mildred Leadbitter

Mrs. L. S. MacIntyre

### Honorary Members

Mrs. E. Charlton Black	Mrs. Harry Seymour Ross
Elsie R. Riddle	





DELTA DELTA PHI SORORITY





## Delta Delta Phi

Founded in 1901

### Chapter Roll

Alpha,	New York Froebel Normal
Beta,	Chicago Kindergarten College
Gamma,	Emerson College of Oratory

### Honorary Members

Henry Lawrence Southwick	Mrs. Charles Winslow Kidder
Walter Bradley Tripp	William G. Ward
Charles Winslow Kidder	Mrs. William G. Ward

### Associate Members

Mrs. Jessie Eldridge Southwick

### Active Members

1911	Olive B. Clark
Estelle Katherine Henry	Annice Adelia Lowry
Gertrude Emerson Knapp	1913
Wintie Bowman Whitesel	Abbie May Fowler
May Emma Green	Lillian Marie Aune
Jessie Weems	Vera Severence McDonald
1912	Elizabeth W. Davidson
Edna Lois Kerr	Rachel Thayer
Beulah Batchelder	

Chapter House, 39 St. Stephen St., Boston, Mass.



ZETA PHI ETA SORORITY



## Zeta Phi Eta

Founded at Cumnock School of Oratory, North Western  
University, 1892.

Colors—Rose and White. Flower—La France Rose.

### Honorary Members

Edward Phillips Hicks	Elizabeth M. Barnes
Bertel Glidden Willard	Henry Lawrence Southwick
Walter Bradley Tripp	Edith Coburn Noyes
Mary Elizabeth Gatchell	M. Eden Tatem
Ella C. Stockdale	Archibald Ferguson Reddie
Rev. Allen A. Stockdale	

### Active Members

#### In Facultate

Maud Gatchell Hicks  
Gertrude T. McQuesten  
Elvie Burnett Willard

1910

Minabel Garrett

1911

Ruth Cleveland Barrum  
Lois Annabel Beil  
Sheila Belle McLane  
Marie Elizabeth Neahr

Lura Irene Pelletier

Faye Louise Smiley

Helen Woodbridge Symonds

1912

Winifred Hamilton Bent  
Nellie Charlotte Burke

Marion Louise Colby

Margaret Adair Davidson

Anna May Keck

Mary P. Sandstrom

Edna Norton Spear

Grace Christine Rosaaen

1913

Florence Southwick Hinckley

Marjorie Marietta Westcott



PHI MU GAMMA SORORITY



## Phi Mu Gamma

Founded at Hollins Institute, Va., 1898

### Chapter Roll

Hollins Institute, Virginia	Centenary College, Tennessee
Brenau College, Georgia	Shorter College, Georgia
Misses Graham's School, N. Y.	Newcomb College, Louisiana
N. E. Conservatory, Mass.	Emerson College, Mass.
Veltin School, New York	Women's College, Alabama.
Judson College, Alabama	

Iota Chapter—Established 1908, Emerson College

Color—Turquoise Blue and Black

Flower—Forget-me-not

Jewel—Pearl

## Members

In Facultate	In Urbe
Miss H. C. Sleight	Mrs. Maude G. Kent
Mrs. E. C. Black	Miss Jessie Brown
Mrs. M. G. Hicks	Miss Bloise Freeman
Mrs. F. L. Whitney	Miss Jessie Arguella
Mr. W. B. Tripp	Miss Edith Wright
Pres. H. L. Southwick	Mrs. M. L. Hunt
Mr. Edward Hicks	

## Active Members

1910	Sybil Howendobler
Janet R. Chesney	1912
1911	Edna M. Gilkey
Josephine W. Lyon	Lillian R. Hartigan
Evelyn F. Cash	Julia Krantz
Meda M. Bushnell	Frances G. Riorden
Bernice L. Loveland	Jane Rae
Bertha M. Wiley	1913
Eva H. Churchill	Ruth West
Marguerite R. Albertson	Hazel Hammond

Chapter House, 177 St. Botolph St., Boston, Mass.

## Alumnae

Alpha,	Birmingham, Ala.
Beta,	Ocala, Fla.
Gamma,	New York City
Delta,	Hattiesburg, Miss.
Epsilon,	Valdosta, Ga.
Zeta,	Shreveport, La.
Eta,	Central Alabama
Theta,	Fort Worth, Texas
Iota,	Gainesville, Ga.

For the Benefit of  
Emerson College Endowment Fund

## “A Bachelor’s Romance”

A Comedy in four acts by Martha Morton

Presented by

Iota Chapter, Phi Mu Gamma Sorority

Under the Personal direction of Mrs. Maud Gatchell Hicks  
Jordan Hall

Monday Evening, February 27, 1911, at eight-fifteen o’clock.

### Characters

Martin Beggs—David’s Private Secretary	Jane Rae
Mr. Mulberry—A Classic Literary Man	Bertha Wiley
Archibald Lytton Savage—On the Literary Review	Bernice Loveland
David Holmes—A Literary Critic	Eva Churchill
Sylvia Sommers—David’s Ward	Meda Bushnell
Gerald Holmes—David’s Brother, a Man of the World	Edna Gilkey
Helen LeGrande—David’s Sister, a Widow	Frances Riorden
Miss Clementina—The Woman with a Sharp Tongue	Janet Chesney
Harold Reynolds—On the Literary Review	Evelyn Cash
James—Helen LeGrande’s Servant	Ruth West
Harriet Leicester—A Rich Heiress	Julia Krantz

### Patronesses

Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears	Mrs. Allen Stockdale
Mrs. Ada Spaulding	Mrs. Hosea Morrill Knowlton
Mrs. Bayard Thayer	Miss Mary S. Ames
Mrs. Nathan Haskell Dole	Mrs. Charles Bond
Mrs. Harry Seymour Ross	Miss Marie Ada Molineaux

Business Manager—Edna Mae Gilkey

Assistant Manager—Lilian R. Hartigan





KAPPA GAMMA CHI SORORITY



## Kappa Gamma Chi

Founded Ohio Wesleyan University, 1890

Charter Granted, 1902

Colors—Green and White

Flower—Lily-of-the-Valley

### Honorary Members

Mrs. William Howland Kenney	Miss Lilia Estelle Smith
Mrs. Harry Seymour Ross	Mrs. Edwin Morse Whitney

### Active Members

1909	1911
Jean Fowler	Edith Sarah Newton
1910	1912
Alma Marie Bruggeman	Rose Gertrude Boynton
Gertrude Newbold Comly	Alla May Martin
Alice Jessenia Davidson	Evelyn Catherine Oelkers
Christine Frances Hodgdon	Ruth Rosalind Roane
Helen Marjorie Kinne	Elizabeth C. J. Smith
Georgia Maud Newbury	1913
	Gladys Loraine Brightman



PHI ALPHA TAU FRATERNITY



## Phi Alpha Tau

### Alpha Chapter

Founded at Emerson College of Oratory, 1902

#### Roll of Chapters

Alpha,	Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.
Beta,	University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.
Gamma,	University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Delta,	Leland Stanford University, Berkeley, Cal.
Epsilon,	University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.

#### Officers

President.....	Warren Ballou Brigham
Vice-President.....	Nathaniel Edward Reed
Secretary.....	Frederick Rudolph Dixon
Treasurer.....	Ethan Allen Snively
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Robert Howes Burnham

#### Members

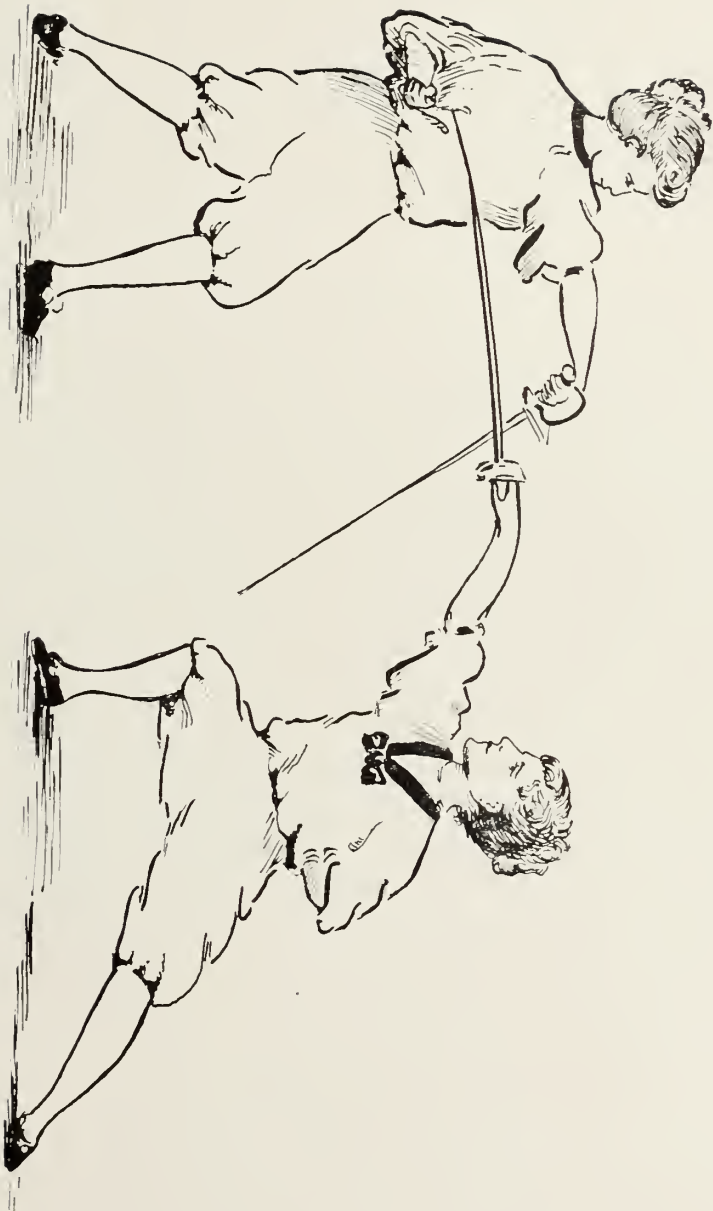
Fratres		Hugh William Towne
Warren Ballou Brigham		Fratres in Facultate
Victor D. Button		E. Charlton Black
Frederick Rudolph Dixon		Allen Arthur Stockdale
Stephen A. Lang		Robert Howes Burnham
Nathaniel Reed		Henry Lawrence Southwick
Charles Thurlow		Walter Bradley Tripp
Ethan Allen Snively		William G. Ward

#### Honorary

E. Charlton Black, A.M., LL.D.	Charles T. Grilley
Richard Burton, Ph.D.	Edwin Whitney



A ROOM IN THE NEW ART MUSEUM





## Our Aim in Gymnastics

The aim of physical education, as expressed in gymnastic art, is the harmonious development of the whole body, in order that the individual may "live a life to full bloom." To be normal human beings, that is, properly balanced "psycho-physio-logical" creatures, we must first have a "working basis" of physical fitness.

In the gymnasium work of the past year, we have tried to show that this "basis" is to be obtained from well directed gymnastics, in the doing of which the great "ideals in the work" must never be forgotten.

No matter in what branch of the world's work the individual is expressing himself, he puts into it greater intelligence, and holds to it with greater concentration, if he has a trained, responsive body, and a store of reserve energy upon which to draw.

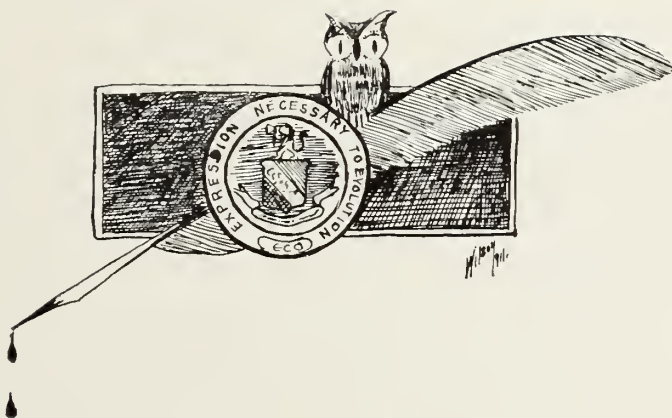
It has been impossible in so short a time to go very far into the wide field of gymnastics, but we have tried to lay down a few fundamental principles upon which to build our work, and to show how these may be developed.

Above all, it is our hope that our students, having grasped these principles, may go on to prove to those whom they may teach, the vast importance of a "three-fold" education.

ELSIE R. RIDDLE.







# Literature

## That Old Red House

The old red house at the foot of the hill  
 Is not quite so red as it used to be,  
 It slightly tips to the northern rill,  
 And yet 'tis a world in a world to me.  
 The big square chimney has fallen through,  
 The windows are broken, the walls are bare,  
 And spiders live in the corners there.  
 The shed has tipped over, the wagon house, too,  
 The hill lies behind where the strawberries grew,  
 And every nest of the robins I knew.  
 The roses come each June and go,  
 With the lilies and poppies, the thistles now grow,  
 They all grow up of their own sweet will  
 In the garden there at the foot of the hill.

The brook in the meadow sang as it played,  
 The cowslips laughed in the elm-tree's shade;  
 How the circling hawks sailed into sight,  
 Making the chickens scatter in fright.  
 The woods were filled with princes and kings,  
 With fairies and flowers, and grass that sings  
 In the old sugar-house was Orlando shut in,  
 'Till Astolfo for wits to the moon had been.  
 Blue-beard's grim castle was over the hill,  
 King Arthur's Round Table was up at the mill,  
 And Orpheus played as the moon-beams danced  
 On the granary floor the naughty elves pranced.  
 The fairies peeked in, when all in a trice  
 Cinderella dashed off in a coach drawn by mice.

The great northern light in the winter would come,  
 Snow would drift high, and wintry winds hum,  
 The sleigh bells tinkled in merriest glee,  
 And the moon winked down at my mother and me.  
 Did you never cuddle up right close to your ma  
 (When off to the city on business was pa)  
 And hug her so tight you could hear her heart beat,  
 As you begged her again the old tales to repeat?  
 Then into a feathery crib soft and warm  
 She would lay down to rest your weary young form,  
 And the moon looked in with a good-night kiss,  
 Ah! 'twas good to begin in a world like this,  
 Though the setting would change as the years went by,  
 For we dream, and we hope, and learn to die,  
 What's a palace of gold wrought with Phideas' skill  
 To that old red house at the foot of the hill?

EVA H. CHURCHILL, 1911.

## The Engagement Book Fad

You have always been above fads? You never owned a stamp album, nor annoyed every traveler of your acquaintance with requests for post-cards? Or, have you taken every fad to which you have ever been exposed? Think not that you are safe from the Engagement Book Fad. From it, if you be a Senior, there is no immunity, against it there is no inoculation. If you have passed through this year and have not caught it, you are a very Special and not a true Senior.

Perhaps through the whole first semester, you watched your dearest friends fall victims. Whenever you approached a Senior with the senior shibboleth, "When can you—" and she pulled out an ornamental little leather book with a pigmy pencil stuck in a loop at one side, you smiled in patient tolerance, even in superiority.

You had a theory that your spinal cord was especially designed to take care of such habitual things as engagements. All that was necessary, with a properly trained spinal cord, was to make a date, and when the date came, lo! the spinal cord said, "Go," and you went. Your theory worked beautifully. You were the show-piece of your class. A Senior without an Engagement Book!

Then one fateful morning your spinal cord said, "Go,"—and you went. You arrived at the place, you arrived at the time—to be confronted by three captains of three different divisions holding toward you three engagement books, each with the hour and the place and your promise to be there! That night you went down town and bought an Engagement Book. What is principle, what is theory, what is reputation for supernatural memory, before the just claims of a division captain backed by a memorandum in black and white?

But with your surrender came a complete emotional change. Life became a mad pursuit of engagements. In its first stage the fad takes the form of indiscriminate collecting. The sole object of the collector is to leave no blank space on any page. Some even go so far as to put in the day's schedule of work and study. But this is not considered exactly legitimate even in the most enthusiastic tyro.

As the fad develops into its artistic stage, engagements are more carefully selected until the book gradually becomes an expression of personality. We have the Grind Engagement Book, the Dramatic Engagement Book (not always to be identified by a preponderance of theatre dates), the Popular Girl Engagement Book, and so on.

And so the fad grows until Commencement looms, and there comes the graduate fad of collecting names and addresses of teachers' agencies and entertainment bureaus. But never was nor will be a fad so certainly contagious, so absorbing, so delightful as the Senior Engagement Book Fad.

LEONORE POPPLER, 1911.



1897

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK IN RICHARD III.



1897

JESSIE ELDRIDGE SOUTHWICK AS PORTIA



HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK AS HAMLET  
"There is a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow."—Hamlet.



## The College Detective

It was an early May evening, one of the kind whose call is resistless at any time, but even more so, when there is a full moon. And the girls of Malroy Hall, the Girls' Dormitory of Ellsmere College, could certainly not be considered immune or deaf to the call. Eight o'clock did seem to come so early on these "perfectly grand" moonlight nights, and the striking of this hour meant the signal for much scurrying and scampering across the campus, and abrupt endings to many co-ed strolls. Gertrude Glenn and Florence Madison occupied a large, comfortable room, on the side of the building, which received the greatest amount of smiles from the rising moon, which fact did not add very materially to the peace of mind of these two maidens on this certain night.

"Wasn't it the limit, the way Miss Morrison watched us to-night when we left the boys over by Wallace Hall? Suppose she thought we were planning some stunt. She surely deserves her title of the college detective, doesn't she?" snapped Gertrude.

"Yes," replied Florence, "but after you've been here three years, as I have, you'll get used to 'Morry,' and can do a lot of things you're afraid to do now. Why, I remember one night last year when we"—

Her sentence was cut short by a shrill whistle sounding almost below their window.

"Why, that must be Dick, for he's the only one that knows the old whistle. Wonder how he has the nerve to come up here this early in the evening," said Florence. "Besides, I've told him a dozen times, that I wouldn't skip with him any more."

"Skip," said Gertrude, in a bewildered tone, "what on earth do you mean by that?"

"Oh, pardon me, Kiddie, I keep forgetting that I, a staid Junior, am living with an innocent Freshman, and my college words will creep in. Well, to skip means to get out of prison (for that's what this place is on a night like this), without permission, and go for a lark with your most platonic friend. But, heavens, I'd better answer Dick, or he'll throw stones at the window, and that would cause a row."

Going over to the window, she peered out, and there, under one of the huge lilac bushes, she espied Dick and—yes, it was—that good looking young Freshman from Chicago. But why had Dick brought him?

"I say, Maddie," said Dick, in an extremely audible stage-whisper, "Stanley and I got tired plugging on trig, so came over to see if you and your little Freshman can't manage a long-distance 'phone call, or some other good excuse, and come out for a while. The moon's great on the river, and Faculty meets to-night, you know, so it ought to be easy to get out."

"Well, now Dick Lyman, how *many* times have I told you I wasn't going to skip any more—but, wait a minute"—

She held a whispered consultation with Gertrude, who was only too eager to indulge in such a novel experience—and besides, with that good



looking Mr. Stanley—oh, well, it couldn't be resisted. Wasn't he reported to be very wealthy, a great athlete, a "grand" dancer, and all those things which appeal so strongly to the heart of a college girl.

Florence returned to the window and cautiously whispered, "Wait by the third door to the Gym and we'll be out—but be sure and stay in the shadow."

With much giggling and some trembling, especially on the part of the younger member of the expedition, and, after pinning a sign on the outer door which stated in bold letters, "Please do not disturb. We are asleep!"—the girls finally managed to leave the Hall by the back stairs, and thence out into the glorious night—made even more attractive by the sense of mystery and, perhaps, impending disaster, if they should be discovered.

They had just turned the corner going toward the Gymnasium, when the doors of Science Hall, where the Faculty meeting was held, opened and out poured that august body. Florence pulled the terror-stricken Gertrude back into the shadow, and they waited in trembling silence. After what seemed to them, an endless procession had filed by, they resumed their stealthy advance to the "Gym," where they found the boys waiting.

"Guess you've both met Mr. Stanley, haven't you girls? So now let's hustle down to the boat-house and go for a little canoe trip toward Waterbury. We ought to be able to go there and be back in time for you girls to get in before the doors are locked at ten. Hello! Who's that? Just got into a boat down there. Looked mighty like Miss Morrison and Mr. Winner, the Psych prof, but surely they wouldn't break rules thusly! But perhaps I'd better explain to you two freshies that faculty members can't skip any more than studes without suffering the consequences."

"Well, it can't be them, anyway," said Florence, with a charming disregard of grammatical requirements, "because the whole faculty passed us going toward Malroy, when we were coming over."

And so the incident was passed over, and the canoes gotten out, Dick and Florence taking one and Stanley and Gertrude the other.

The flash of the paddles in the moonlight, as the two canoes sped smoothly up the stream, made a pleasing picture, and the gay laughter of the young people could be heard for a long distance; so far, in fact, that, could they have looked around Crow's Bend, they might have seen a rather alarmed couple drawing their row-boat close in to the shore, as though in fear of being detected.

Now, it is no extremely easy task to beach a canoe, and a row-boat is still more difficult, but with a combination of a row-boat and an amateur oarsman, a catastrophe may be expected, and, in this case, it happened. Just as the two canoes rounded the bend, a terrific scream disturbed the silence of the perfect night, and the occupants of the canoes caught a glimpse of an overturned boat, a man's straw hat and a woman's scarf, the ensemble telling its own story.

Almost simultaneously, Dick and Stanley relinquished their paddles to the girls and sprang overboard into the water, which, at that point, was only about six feet deep, but deep enough to drown an inexperienced swimmer.

Imagine Dick's surprise, astonishment and consternation when he discovered the identity of the woman whom he had rescued to be none other than Miss Morrison, the trusted "school detective," while the man, who had managed to take hold of the boat after much spattering and puffing, proved to be the bedraggled and very undignified professor of pschylogy, Mr. Winner.

It would be hard to decide which party was more alarmed—the representatives of the student body, or those of the faculty—who were governed by the same stringent rules in regard to the subject of skipping.

However, there seemed to be nothing to do, but to take the unfortunates into a near-by farm-house, for fate was kind enough to cause the accident to happen near a farm, where dry, tho very ill-fitting clothing was obtained for both Miss Morrison and Mr. Winner, the former looking very fetching in a calico wrapper, while the latter lost his identity in a much too large suit of overalls.

Explanations seemed superfluous on either side and so, in a very few words, it was decided that that evening should remain locked up in those six minds as though it had never been. An extremely quick trip was made back to Ellsmere, in the two canoes, the row-boat being left behind to dry out and at five minutes of ten, the Misses Glenn and Madison entered Malroy hall duly chaperoned by the silent, subdued and almost unrecognizable *college detective*, Drusilla Morrison.

ROSE G. BOYNTON.



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH PARK

## Home

Turns the golden west to crimson and pink,  
 The sun disappears in a purple mist,  
 The brightness of day is o'erwhelmed by the night;  
 A pair of crows fly to their nest,  
 A whip-poor-will calls to his mate,  
 A whistling boy drives home the cows,  
 I'm alone in the woods at night.

The moon mounts slowly o'er the wood,  
 The pine trees sift on my bed of boughs  
 A delicate rain of silvery light;  
 A wind of wings above my head,  
 A whisp'ring of the ancient trees  
 As they softly tell the wise old owl  
 He's alone in the woods to-night.

I slept on my bed of boughs till morn,  
 I waked at the clamor of jays overhead.  
 The great sun rose in all its might  
 A pair of crows flew from their nest,  
 The whistling boy drove back his cows,  
 I felt nearer to nature for having been  
 Alone in the woods at night.

—Lillian R. Hartigan.

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### TO THE VIOLET

You modest little violet  
 That in the woods doth hide,  
 I love your sweet and dainty ways,  
 So free from all vain pride.  
 Of all the flowers that bloom, my dear,  
 You seem most fair to me,  
 Though other flowers their beauty flaunt  
 That all who pass may see.  
 The stately lily on her stalk,  
 The tulip proud and gay,  
 The poppy nodding to the breeze,  
 To stay awhile and play.

The sweet-pea and the blushing rose,  
 The mignonette so fair,

The daffodil, the sun-flower bold  
 With gaudy flaunting air.

Aye, and the gentle pansy too,  
 Though sweet and fair to see,  
 Uplifts her pretty face and says,  
 "I am for thoughts, take me."

But you, my dainty violet,  
 You hang your head so low  
 That careless eyes will pass you by,  
 Nor even wish to know.  
 And glad am I that no rude eye  
 May find your hiding-place,  
 But only such as prize you for  
 Your simple, modest grace.

—Harriet Palmer, '12.

## Hope

The fire burned low;  
 The night was nearly spent.  
 His heart was sunk in deep despair,—  
 “O God! some comfort give—some pray’r!”

The fire died out.  
 The dawn came stealing in;  
 The sun was shining clear and bright:  
 “Awake, my soul! New hope, new light!”  
 —Alice Sandiford, '10

### WHEN SCHOOL LETS OUT

I'm waitin' for the time to come  
 When I'm a man like “dad,”  
 An' never more to school I'll go,  
 Oh! you bet that I'll be glad.

I get so sick of studyin'  
 I don't know what to do.  
 An' never a day goes by, but I  
 Have troubles not a few.

That's why I'm allus lookin' forward  
 To the time when school's all done,  
 'Cause then I'll go to Grandma's house,  
 An' my! won't I have fun?

My Grandma is the bestest one  
 That a boy did ever see,  
 An' if some day I get through school  
 Together we'll live, me and she.

Grandma lets me have my way,  
 We get along tip top,  
 An' for two months at Grandma's house  
 A year at school I'd swap.

You see, my teacher I don't like.  
 Guess she don't like me nuther,

She scolds me nearly all the time,  
 An' then puffs up “big brother.”

She tells how good he allus was,  
 An' his lessons ever knew,  
 While I jest laugh, an' then think out  
 Another prank to do.

Why, gracious sakes, I'd never live  
 To graduate from school  
 If I was jest a “goody-good,”  
 An' never broke a rule.

It's lots of fun to sit beside  
 A girl with fire-red hair,  
 An' when I call her “carrots”  
 My! but don't she glare.

We fellers like to tease the girls  
 An' bother them a lot.  
 It seems we're allus up to somethin'  
 Doing things we hadn't ought.

Though now I hate to go to school  
 Still some day when I'm growed  
 P'haps I'll look back at my school days  
 An' the good times I knowed.

—Winifred H. Bent

## Curiosity in a Dime Bank

I got a little bank to-day,  
To save my mney in,  
I traded for an old red tcp,  
The bank—it's made of tin.

The funny thing about it is,  
That when it's full of chink,  
Spike sa'd that it would busticate,  
I think he's on the blink.

You have to have ten dimes,  
To get that bank filled up,  
I sold my strap, and I sold my dog,  
And I sold my drinkin' cup.

Ma gave me a dime fer choppin'  
The kindlin' fer to-night—

Sis gave me a dime for carryin'  
A note to Mr. Wright.

Pa said he'd give me a nickle  
To keep still at supper-time.  
But you jest bet I up and says:  
"I'll do it fer a dime."

You bet when I get that thing full,  
I'll 'vite in all the boys,  
And then we'll see that bank bust up,  
Gee, won't it make a noise!

Then I'll take all the fellers out,  
And treat 'em, ever' one.  
Pa thinks I'm going to save those dimes,  
But gee! I want some fun!

—Ione Stevens, '12

## THE LOST VOICE

The harbor bar moans loud to-night,  
The breakers dash and roar  
And by the deep  
I watch and weep  
For one who will never come home  
While I—ah! I am alone.

The wind sad rushes o'er the waves  
The black clouds rift and break,  
And as night falls,  
My sad heart calls  
For one who is lost in the foam,  
And I—ah! I am alone.

The sound I long for never comes  
The voice I loved is still,  
And on the shore  
Forever more  
With weary heart I sadly roam,  
For I—ah! I am alone.

But though I never hear that voice  
I've waited for so long,  
My soul will rest  
Upon that breast,  
When I reach that other home,  
When I am no longer alone.

—Annie A. Howes, '11

## Life's Lesson

The world is a jolly old fellow,  
And will do for you what he can;  
He will help you gain the best in Life  
And give you a true glad hand,  
If you will only let him  
And take your stand for the right  
Do all you can for the race of man,  
To help him in the fight.

Then can you be a laggard  
And flit your time away,  
While this old friend is offering you  
The chance of the present day?  
He offers you much that is worthy,  
He gives you the chance to choose,  
And if your judgment fails you  
Why! My friend, you will have to lose.

But you must not be daunted  
If you find that you have lost.

Just profit by what you might have done  
As you realize the cost.  
Striving ever upward, friend  
May seem like a right hard grind,  
But the man who would willingly slide  
back down  
Isn't worth the trouble to find.

If your progress then seems rather slow  
You mustn't give way to tears,  
But learn Life's lessons day by day  
As they grow into the years.  
Then when your days are ended  
And you lay Life's burden down,  
You will find that you did the best you  
knew  
As you went Life's daily round.

—Nellie C. Burke, 1912

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### MORNING

Shake thyself from heavy slumber,  
Daylight is old yet always new.  
Break the chain that binds thy shoulder,  
The millions sleep, awake the few.

Small things to do, thy lessons take,  
Thou noble mind spart to endeavour,  
Each night to sleep, each morn to wake,  
A new world in thyself discover.

—E. H. C., '11

---

### THE TALENT

Life is a mine of gold,  
A heart lies hid somewhere,  
Deep in recesses cold,  
This vein untouched, is there.

A lantern you must take  
And constant be your mind,  
Through trial or mistake,  
'Tis there for you to find.

—E. H. C., '11

## “If We Knew”

If we really knew the heartache  
And the griefs our comrades bear,  
If we only understood them  
As they journey here and there,  
We would love them much more dearly—  
If we knew!

If we knew that, underlying  
All this outward scorn and pride,  
Shone a gem of purest splendour,  
Hidden by the rough outside,  
We would pause and look down deeper—  
If we knew!

If we realized what comfort  
Words would give that we keep back,  
If we knew how many hunger  
For a pat upon the back  
We would give them much more freely,  
If we knew!

If we only knew what courage  
Just a smile or nod would give  
To some poor discouraged comrade,  
That has found it hard to live  
Friends, this world would be much brighter—  
If we knew!

—Mary A. Edwards



**Sense**  
**and**  
**Nonsense**

## The Laughing Chorus

O such a commotion in Chickering Hall  
When Gilbert calls, "Ready behind?"  
Such a noise of scenery and scuffling feet,  
Such voices borne on the wind.  
"And are you ready," the prompter says,  
" 'Tis time to start you know."  
"Almost, wait a minute," the answer comes  
"I'll be there in a second or so."  
Then Ha-ha-ha, the laughter comes—  
In peals both loud and long—  
Of the many Seniors down in front  
Who make up the happy throng.

Then comes the noise of the curtain drawn,  
That reveals to us the stage—  
With all the actors in trousers long,  
And costumes of different age,  
And now we hear the prompter's voice  
In accents sharp and low,  
Repeating the lines as they go along,  
And doing most of the show!  
Then Ha-ha-ha- the laughter comes,  
In peals both loud and long,  
Of the many Seniors down in front,  
Who make up the happy throng.

## Some Little Sayings We Often Hear

Pomeroy—Christopher Columbus	"Pom"
Churchill—I'm not going to rave any more	"Eve"
Barry—Hang it	"Huckleberry"
Barnum—Goodness, girls, I can't find my key	"Rufus"
Cash—Well I guess	
Brigham—Oh, much	"Juliet"
Crandall—I never saw such girls	"Lou"
Knight—No, I don't believe in women voting	"Romeo"
Albertson—Isn't that just great?	Marguerite
Hewendobler—I've lost my pocket-book	"Sib"
Neahr—Girls, I think that's a joke	Marie
Andrew—Well, I never	"Peggy"
Lyon—The more I see of men, the better I like dogs	"Jo"
C'nant—Gracious, girls!	
Whipple—There's only one in the world for me	"Eileen"
Beil—Bless your heart	"Beilie"
Wiley—Have you got your lines?	Bertha
Henry—Great Scott!	"Stell"
McCarthy—I mean er—	Margaret
Gregg—Well, just the same I—	Mary
Best—Oh well, let it go	"Bestie"
Powers—Well, you've got me	"Lisbeth"
Randall—I don't quite understand why—	Mabelle
Webster—Goodness!	Marian
Ingersoll—By Whiffle!	"Ingie"
Bucklin—How are you, girlie?	"Buckie"
Bartlett—Well, I never—	Alice
Hawxby—Why, I don't know—	Elizabeth
Gates—Really?	"Robiny"
Loverin—My land!	"Stubadore"
Pugh—Well, I just guess	Belle
Wilcox—For the love of Pete	"Willie"
Noltimier—Great Hock!	"Noltie"
Symonds—Buck up	"Little Symon"
Poppler—When you've reached my years of discretion	"Lee"
Smiley—Good-bye, Little Fly	"Fayzie"
Whitesel—Great Caesar!	"Peggy"
Weems—Well, I guess so	"Jess"
Cameron—Good morn'ng, merry sunshine	"Vic"
McKenzie—Well, I don't care, I—	"Vic"
McLane—Well, say—	Sheila Belle
Newton—Well, I should say so!	"E-de-Edo"
Edwards—Don't you know—	"Michael Angelo"
Bushnell—Isn't that rich?	Meda Mae
Saegusa—Oh—yes—	Iku
Ham—For the John's sake—	"Gracie"
Sampson—What do you know about that?	"Simpie"
Rodger—Want a dollar?	Helen

## Senior Dreams

Oh, wouldn't it seem funny,  
And wouldn't it seem fine  
If we didn't have to go to school  
Before the hour of nine.  
If Mrs. Hicks would let us off  
And some sympathy would show  
When in our caste at class time,  
Our lines we do not know.  
Or, if Mr. Tripp, who ne'er forgets  
(Oh, wouldn't it be fine!)  
Would in some moment's haste forget,  
Caste-captains to assign,  
And wouldn't it be lovely  
If the learned Dr. Black  
Would forget to ask for knowledge  
That so woefully we lack.  
And wouldn't it be finer,  
When we weren't sure we'd pass,  
If Dr. Ward in Logic said:  
"There's no examination, class!"  
If Pres. Southwick, kind always,  
Would think we were too wise  
And say we needn't write a speech,  
Nor yet extemporize,  
And won't it be best of all,  
When out in Life we go,  
And feel we need a helping hand,  
To think of E. C. O.

## Seen and Heard by a Junior in the Fenway

'Twas a warm sultry day in the Springtime,  
All weary, the Junior sat down  
In a cool quiet spot in the Fenway,  
And thought that a rest she had found.

When she saw a man standing before her,  
And waving a paper in air,  
He said in a voice full of meaning,  
"Have you analyzed 'Vanity Fair'?"

Then from behind came a whisper,  
From a voice that is well known to all,  
"Have you practiced your Gesture five minutes,  
Can you answer 'Prepared' at roll call?"

"Tell us your Normal Class story,"  
The trees murmured mournfully, low.  
"Does it illustrate each of the gestures?  
You teach it to-morrow, you know."

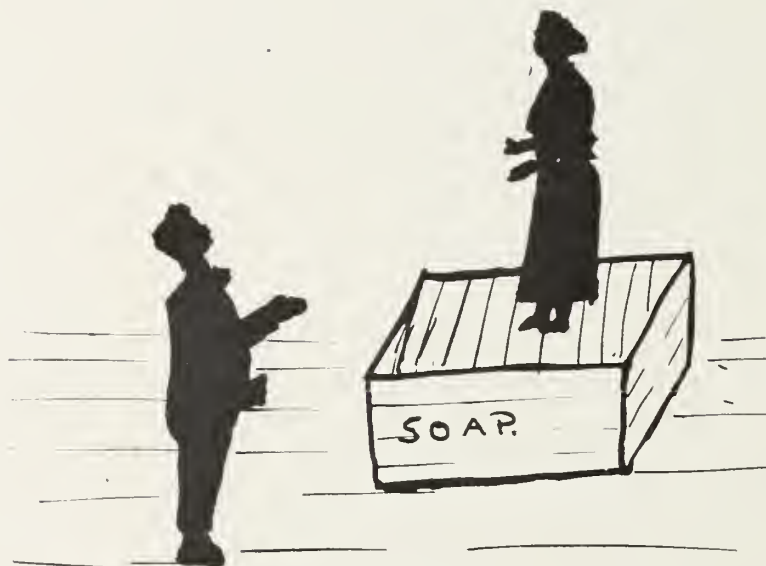
Just then a white swan in the water,  
Raised up her long neck and called out,  
In a voice quite ghastly and awful,  
"What's 'New Humanism' about?"

A squirrel called out from the bushes,  
"What have you for Rhetoric program?"  
A bird in the branches chirped gaily,  
"English Prose—don't forget your exam."

"Have you practiced your voice work five minutes?  
Have you written your dancing notes, too?  
And your Prose and Recital classes,  
Don't forget them whatever you do."

Overwhelmed by this vision of duties,  
The Junior groaned out with afright,  
When she felt a strong hand shake her roughly,  
"Wake up,—there's rehearsals to-night."

—Ione V. Stevens



"THE BALCONY SCENE."

THE MAN.

Who is it, that is to be  
Juliet, and play with me?  
Since I'm in Division A  
I must have seen my fate to-day.

Oh! To join Division C  
Where the fairer maidens be!  
If for that bliss, I aught could do,  
I'd do it quick. Now wouldn't you?

But all luck like that is sped,  
I must woo a girl instead.  
Who is in Division A  
And be her Romeo to-day.

THE GIRL.

Who is it that is to be  
Romeo, and play with me?  
For in my whole Division D  
There is no one who quite suits me.

Oh! To join Division B  
Where the male members be.  
To have no fellow in the cast  
Is rather stupid first and last.

But all luck like that is sped  
My lover is a girl instead.  
For in the poor Division D  
There's not a man at all, you see.

## Letters Home

Dear Mother—this college is great,  
And the teachers are all to the good,  
But I need some new shoes for the Friday night shows,  
And a light opera cape with a hood.

I like my room-mate very much.  
The city's all right; but its queer.  
When you're shopping down-town you must walk in the road,  
And cake—they call pie over here.

I think my landlady's fine,  
Though my room is up many a flight.  
You entertain in a parlour that's on the street floor  
Until ten, any friend you invite.

They have chapel each morning at nine,  
When we take a queer physical drill.  
A girl marks you down, so it's time that I ran.  
Lots of love, send some stamps if you will.

Elizabeth.

Father—Hello! How are you? I'm all right. Send a  
check and I'll be happy.—Wilton.



## The Blue-Book Man

Have you ever heard, dear students,  
 Of a very dreadful man,  
 Who haunts you when you're wide awake  
 And sleeping if he can?  
 Whose face looms up before you  
 When you're on pleasure bent,  
 Whose awful presence scares you,  
 When to Dr. Ward you're sent?  
 Do you know of him, my children,  
 Tell me if you can,  
 Of whom are you more wary than  
 The Blue-book man?

And if you're not so awfully good,  
 And study not at all,  
 Some night when you are fast asleep  
 From him you'll have a call.  
 He'll sit down by your bedside,  
 Put his hand upon your head,  
 And say such awful, frightful things  
 You'll wish that you were dead.  
 He'll have a pile of little books,  
 (His face is thin and wan)  
 Now of whom are you more scarey than  
 The Blue-book man?



## Who Is It?

Who is it lifts a warning hand,  
Who glides so softly by,  
Or quells the tide of merriment  
When it has flown too high?  
Who finds for us the things we lose  
Or careless scatter 'round,  
Who tells us in her cheerful way,  
The lost article is found?  
Who answers all our messages  
And passes us the slip,  
Or when we talk at class-time,  
Puts her finger on her lip?  
Who is it that we all agree  
Is just the truest friend  
To us, when under heavy cares  
Our frames we weary bend?  
Who is it? Is there one of you  
Where with doubt this question  
lodges?  
Oh! I shall have to tell you then,  
It's—Mrs. Rogers.

—Annie A. Howes

## Gettin' "Ads"

In this big college, there ain't no bizz  
 Like the gettin' of "ads." for the Year Book is:  
 Yer know of course, if the book goes thru  
 Yer got'er git writin', an' some chink too;  
 So yer ask all fall, "Can I git 'ads.' enuff?  
 I ain't no talker, an' I'm poor on the bluff."

Xmas comes, an home yer pack;  
 Ain't there a week, 'fore you've got'er come back.  
 Fer yer conscience says, "There's 'ads.' to get."  
 Though yer hate like sin to go back yet.  
 The first day back yer dress up slick,  
 An' think yer'll go an' try the trick.

Yer walk once er twice right past the door,  
 Hesitate a little, an' hesitate some more.  
 "Is the manager in?" to a clerk you spout—  
 "No, he ain't; the manager's out."  
 "When can I find him?" an' yer try to look mad  
 When all the time yer're kinder glad.

Yer go next door; get an eighth-page "ad.",  
 Yer soon find out that size is a fad;  
 But somehow er other it makes no diff,  
 Yer glad to get as much; the job is stiff.  
 Then yer go down town an' hear 'em all shout,—  
 "We don't advertise; we've cut that out!"

But there's a good firm,—the Sample Shoe,  
 An' then there's Todd, an' Shooshan too,  
 Raymond an' Slattery, a la wig;  
 Cant' yer get another? Dig! Dig! Dig!  
 Home again! Home again! Feeling blue.  
 Awful hungry; darned tired too.

Up next day at eight, er half past,  
 Get another shave; breakfast fast;  
 Land th' Stowell "ad." by half past nine.  
 A full page ad.! Feeling fine.  
 A swelled head predicts a fall, I fear,  
 The next man's "broke." "Come next year."

Experience counts; yer now contrive  
 A brand new scheme to make "ads." arrive;  
 "I'll put your name in a prominent place;  
 'Twill stare the students in the face."  
 Lie awake all night; the cold floor walk,  
 Next day in chapel give a talk.

The students say, "We'll patronize  
 Any merchant man who'll advertise."  
 Cut class again; never mind "flunks."  
 Armstrong Transfer carry all our trunks;  
 We put our money in the State St. Trust,  
 Get an "ad." there, er bust, bust, bust!

Wait an hour er two, fer Manager Flynn,  
 Edicate yer patience; it's good discipline.  
 "Trade ad.!" Trade ad.!" what a doleful cry,  
 Got'er get 'em business. "Yes, I'll try."  
 Lowney! Lowney! Page and Shaw too,  
 "Cut all colleges an' can't favor you."

Try half a dozen more; hear 'em all say,  
 "Not in College Year books. It don't pay!"  
 Out in the hard world make a try again,  
 An' so on, an' so on, fovever amen!  
 In this consarn there ain't no bizz  
 Like the gettin' of "ads." fer the Year Book is!

—F. R. Dixon



"NOW IN THE NAME OF ALL THE GODS AT ONCE,  
 UPON WHAT MEAT DOETH THIS OUR CAESAR FEED  
 THAT HE IS GROWN SO GREAT?"

## Then and Now

I used to be quite talented  
 Before I left my town,  
 But since I've come to Emerson  
 I wouldn't make a clown.

The very pieces which at home  
 Would make them weep or laugh  
 The faculty inform me  
 Could be done by any calf.

I tell you truthfully though you  
 Will hardly me believe,  
 When I came here I could not walk  
 Nor even rightly breathe.

There are lots of students here  
 Can talk as well as I,  
 And I never please the teachers quite,  
 No matter how I try.

So deeper it impresses me  
 The farther that I roam,  
 A prophet gets no word of praise  
*Except* when he's at home.



Which jaw of the crocodile is stationary?

## A Glimpse Into the Catacombs

The "little Freshman" will doubtless never forget their first morning in the catacombs; and the mornings since then, when this abode has proven to be their dearest friend. Down the stairs they marched so solemn and grave, daring to look neither to the right nor to the left, for fear of being hazed by the dignified uppers. They found themselves at last in a large,

gloomy basement, lighted, here and there, by a few canny electric lights. Rows of boards, which afterward became known as lockers, partitioned this underground apartment off into many little, narrow alley-ways, and this—was what are known as the "Catacombs" in Emerson College.

No wonder the "freshies" look scared, for in such gloomy alley-ways why could not a ghost of some past age appear, as they were wont to do in the "Catacombs" of ancient Rome? Having overcome this dreadful illusion, they finally found courage to hunt for their special locker, and they succeeded. But where? In the darkest corner of the "Catacombs" where their heads were first greeted by a "warm" knock from the furnace pipes;—cobwebs touched their new hats that had been bought purposely for college—but they had to undergo a still greater misery. They found themselves on their knees, trying with all their force and energy to squeeze a big coat, a merry-widow hat—perhaps some books, and last, but by no means least, a box of dainties, which they took particular pains to cover, for fear the temptation to the "Uppers" might prove too great;—these, all these, into a wooden frame scarcely larger than a shoe box.



The Athletic Value of the Hip  
Exercise is ———



"Oh, my back is broke!" "Oh, such a place!" "Worse than a prison!" "Why, your key opens my locker!" Such were a few of the demonstrations that came from the freshman headquarters. But this was only the first day at college. Weeks passed by, lessons came; parties and dances came too—and so did tired "little" brains, and how often mornings since that first memorable day, might be seen a little freshman, or groups of little freshmen, sneaking cautiously down the stairs of Chickering Hall, headed toward the Catacombs, where they sought, as a last refuge, a shelter from chapel attendance, or an unprepared lesson. There, in the gloomiest corner of the Catacombs, these once solemn freshmen now reigned in happy glee, rejoicing over their lucky escape. Now and then a "wise junior" or "dignified senior" would interfere and scold these little people for "cutting"—but their words were idle words—for the freshies believed that they as freshmen played just the same little game.

And so now they are glad to welcome these dear old "Catacombs," as they would the palace of Jove, instead of just a dark, musty underground passage.

CLARA MacDONALD, 1913



WHO IS WISE AS AN OWL?

WHO DRESSES LIKE COWL?

WHO, WHEN HE'S A GHOST,  
WILL BE FOUND ON A POST?

JUNIOR OR BABY?  
NO! SENIOR AND P.G.



## Desire

A table covered with open books,  
A drowsy head with puzzled looks,  
O Morphens, with thy soothing power,  
To thy kingdom take me at this hour.  
A mighty temple all built of stone  
With ten great Judges on a throne.

O thou Gesture, most sublime,  
Give me a bit of your grace divine—  
In practice faithful, day by day  
On "Shall I go?" or "Shall I stay?"  
I still no power seem to gain  
And so my fate is very plain.

And soon I heard great choirs sing:—  
"Roll on, thou ocean," "Sweet daffodils,"  
Then, there was Voice with magic ring,  
"The Rain," and "Bells" the great hall  
fills;  
In fearful terror I cried "Whoa!"  
Must I all this undergo?"

Next was "Verse Form," "Rhetoric," "Litt."  
These three close-talking always sit,  
One, a monstrous Addison held,

And Rhetoric, every word had spelled,  
While Versification not far behind  
Had put each word in proper rhyme.

Hamlet and Katherine had a special  
throne  
Talking, for each had troubles of his own,  
Of Hamlet I asked just what I should do  
He said I must get his character true,  
And when I asked shrew Katherine's fate  
She said, "See here, don't call me Kate!"

Chapel Lectures and Exercises great  
For which I cast my greatest hate  
Said, "Learning is our purpose strong  
To us, you students do great wrong.  
So never cut these friends so true  
For knowledge is what we bring to you."

At length these ten most serious men  
Arose their courses to commend,  
And whispered in most ghost-like voice  
In which no person could rejoice:  
"Student, if fair Art you'd find  
Do nothing but just grind and grind."

—Ella F. Eastman, 1912



"ONCE UPON A RAW AND GUSTY DAY  
CAESAR SAID TO ME "DARST THOU CASSIUS NOW  
LEAP IN WITH ME INTO THIS ANGRY FLOOD  
AND SWIM TO YONDER POINT?"

## "When I'm a Millionaire"

We will have a new location,  
Near the Fenway park, you know,  
Where we'll get the fresh air breezes,  
Free from dust and noise and snow.  
And we'll have a score of buildings,  
With room enough to spare.  
"When?" you ask in tones sepulchral,  
Why, "when I'm a millionaire."



"When Dutch  
Meets Dutch"

### IT ALL DEPENDS

Sometimes I wish I was a bee,  
Sometimes a big fat bug,  
Sometimes an elephant or two,  
Sometimes a cider jug.  
Sometimes I wish I was a man  
Mixed up in Standard Oil—  
But! if I would be President—  
My hands I mustn't soil.

It all depends—It all depends,  
On how you chance to feel.  
It all depends—It all depends,  
If square has been your meal.

Sometimes I wish I was a fly,  
Sometimes a street called Wall—  
Sometimes I wish that I could die,  
Sometimes that I could bawl.  
Sometimes I wish I had an ax,  
That I could make folks grind,  
But when there's any grinding done  
I've proved the man behind.

It all depends—It all depends,  
On how you chance to feel.  
It all depends—It all depends,  
If square has been your meal.

## This Emerson Consarn

You've come ter school, ter speakin'  
school

Ter larn to elocute,  
You'd like to try yer passions out  
In ways that high-falute;

You'd like to larn to make 'em weep,  
'Er laugh, er clap their hands.  
Well now young fclks, it takes a heap  
O' stuff to take them stands.

Yer think the world's a waitin' you  
Ter laud ye' to the skies,  
Now you jest git yourself prepared  
Ter meet a big surprise.

There's lots o' stars a shinnin' out  
Right in the heavens round,  
An' sure it takes a twinkly one  
Ter be jest right off found.

Now don't git all down-hearted you  
That's goin' to elocute,  
If some day ye should strike the thought  
That ye ain't goin' ter suit.

Jest keep a diggin' at yer work  
As close as ye can stick,

And keep a hopin' all the time  
Through work that's thin er thick.

An' some day yer may stand up straight  
An' sing er joyful Sam (Psalm)  
An' say right out, "This sweat an' work  
Has made me what I am."

Don't think yer'll twinkle out so bright  
Right in a day or two  
That all the other stars'll quit  
An' leave the sky ter you.

By jinks, yer know, that ain't the way  
In this here world of fight.  
It takes a heap o' scourin' here  
Ter make us stars look bright.

Jest pitch right in and take it all  
Jest larn, an' larn, an' larn,  
Cause all these teachers know ther jobs  
In this here big Consarn.

An when ye really know it all  
An got no more to larn,  
Why then it's time to pack an' leave  
This Emerson Consarn.

ALLEN A. STOCKDALE.

## Senior Commencement Programme

Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. Allen A. Stockdale

### Debate

Miss Andrew	Miss Ingersoll
Miss Cobb	Miss Redfield

### Physical Culture Exercises in Greek Costume

Miss Barnum	Miss MacKenzie
Miss Best	Miss McLane
Miss Cash	Miss Pugh
Miss Decker	Miss Robinson
Miss Gregg	Miss Webster
Miss Green	Miss Whitesel
Miss Ham	Miss Wilcox
	Miss Wiley

### Pantomime

Miss Barry	Miss Pomeroy
Miss Bucklin	Miss Madeline Randall
Miss Edwards	Miss Weems
Miss Henry	Mr. Martin

### SENIOR PLAY

#### "A ROYAL FAMILY"

By Robert Marshall

King Louis VII, King of Arcacia	Miss Mabel Randall
Prince Charles Ferdinand	Miss Bushnell
Prince Victor Constantine	Miss Lyon
Duke of Berascon	Miss Powers
Count Verensa, Prime Minister	Miss Bartlett
Baron Holdensen	Miss Loveland
The Cardinal Casano	Miss McCarthy
Father Anselm, his Secretary	Miss Howendobler
Lord Herbert	Miss Simpson
First Aide-de-Camp	Miss Loverin
Second Aide-de-Camp	Miss Newton
Third Aide-de-Camp	Miss Albertson
Lord Chamberlain	Miss Gates
Secretary	Miss Simpson
Gentleman Usher	Miss Gates
Queen Margaret, Queen Consort	Miss Neahr
The Queen Ferdinand, mother of King Louis	Miss Poppler
Princess Angela, only daughter of King Louis	Miss Rodger
The Countess Carini	Miss Symonds
The Countess Verensa	Miss Litchfield

### Senior Recitals

Miss Beil	Mr. Knight
Miss Cameron	Miss Pelletier
Miss Knapp	Miss Smiley

### Class Day Exercises

Salutatorian, Miss Churchill	Orator, Mr. Brigham
Historian, Mr. Crandall	Prophet, Miss Howes
Poet, Miss Speakman	

**Programme—Continued**

Poet, Miss Speakman

Post Graduates

Readers

Mrs. Church  
Miss Comly  
Miss Garrett

Miss O'Brien  
Miss Petty  
Miss Story

"Twelfth Night"

Duke Orsino  
Sebastian  
Antonio  
A Sea Captain  
Valentine  
Curio  
Sir Toby Belch  
Sir Andrew Aguecheek  
Malvolio  
Feste  
Fabian  
Viola  
Lady Olivia  
Maria  
A Priest

Miss Bruggeman  
Miss Wheeler  
Miss Newbury  
Miss Morgan  
Miss Simmons  
Miss Sims  
Miss Fowler  
Miss Davidson  
Miss Austen  
Miss Chesney  
Miss Hodgdon  
Miss Tubbs  
Miss Kinne  
Miss Morse  
Mrs. Allen



"GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD, I'M GOING HOME."



THE EMERSONIAN BOARD



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## Epilogue

---

Our bark has almost reached the shore,  
It's course is nearly run,  
And with it, drawing to a close,  
Our years at Emerson.  
But as the sun at eventide,  
When sinking to her rest,  
Leaves golden streaks of light behind  
Illumining the West,  
May we, when we have left this place  
That's grown in memory dear,  
Leave after us the glorious light  
Of another golden year.

A. A. H.

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### CALENDAR

Monday, Sept. 26th.—Registration Day.  
Tuesday, Sept. 27th.—Opening Day and It Did Not Rain!  
Wednesday, Sept. 28th.—Work begins. Pres. Southwick lectures on "The Orators and Oratory of Shakespeare."  
Friday, Sept. 30th.—Reception to new students by the Students' Association.  
Thursday, Oct. 6th.—Rev. Allen A. Stockdale lectured on "James Whitcomb Riley and His Message."  
Friday, Oct. 7th.—Y. W. C. A. reception.  
Saturday, Oct. 8th.—Seniors entertain Freshmen with an automobile ride, visiting points of historic interest in and near Boston.  
Wednesday, Oct. 12th.—Columbus Day. Our first holiday!  
Thursday, Oct. 13th.—"Hamlet, the Man of Will."

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## CALENDAR—Continued

Friday, Oct. 14th.—President Southwick opened the course of Classic and Modern Comedy with a reading of "Twelfth Night."

Saturday, Oct. 15th.—The first time we heard The Babies' Voices!

Thursday, Oct. 20th.—"Rules of Order" by Prof. J. H. Roberts. Miss Best seconds the motion.

Friday, Oct. 21st.—The second of the evening recitals. Mrs. Willard read Peple's "Prince Chap."

Thursday, Oct. 27th.—Memorial service to Dr. Rolfe.

Friday, Oct. 28th.—Third evening recital. Katherine Oliver McCoy read "What Every Woman Knows."

Monday, Oct. 31st.—Juniors entertain Freshmen and the keg runs dry!

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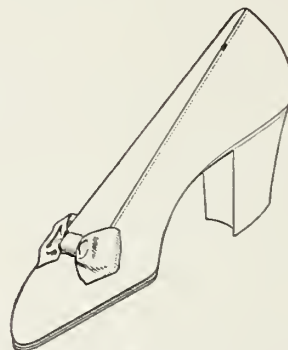
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### CALENDAR—Continued

Tuesday, Nov. 1st.—An exciting meeting to arouse enthusiasm for the Endowment Fund.

Thursday, Nov. 3rd.—Prof. Sprague lectured on "Shakespeare's Cradle and Home."

Friday, Nov. 4th.—Fourth evening recital. Mrs. Southwick read "The Merchant of Venice."

Thursday, Nov. 10th.—Dr. Barnes' first lecture. "The Hunger for Food and Drink or the Driving Forces of Life."

Friday, Nov. 11th.—Fifth evening recital. Mr. Tripp read "David Copperfield."

Tuesday, Nov. 15th.—Juniors gave "Hurdy Gurdy" dance for Endowment Fund.

Thursday, Nov. 17th.—"The Desire for Self Aggrandizement or the Non-Social Forces." Prof. Earl Barnes.

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### CALENDAR—Continued

Friday, Nov. 18th.—Last of the evening recitals. Mrs. Hicks read "Much Ado About Nothing."

November 23rd-29th.—Thanksgiving Recess.

Wednesday, Nov. 30th.—Memorial service to Dr. Emerson. Report of the Endowment Committee.

Thursday, Dec. 1st.—"The Appetite for Knowledge or Sensation Hunting and the Search for Causes." Prof. Earl Barnes.

Saturday, Dec. 3rd.—Mr. Gilbert leads his flock to the Italian Theatre.

Tuesday, Dec. 6th.—Freshman dance for the Endowment Fund.

Thursday, Dec. 8th.—"The Love for the Beautiful or Admiration and Artistic Creation." Prof. Earl Barnes.



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### CALENDAR—Continued

Friday, Dec. 9th.—Senior Fair. Junior Family, the prize winners!

Saturday, Dec. 10th.—Mr. Gilbert instituted changes in hair dressing.

Thursday, Dec. 15th.—Last lecture by Prof. Barnes. "Longing for the Good or the Hunger for Righteousness."

Friday, Dec. 16th.—Christmas vacation began.

Tuesday, Jan. 3rd.—Everyone back for work.

Wednesday, Jan. 4th.—Mr. Griggs' lecture course begun. First lecture: "The Expression and Interpretation of Human Life in Art."

Thursday, Jan. 5th.—Mr. Griggs' evening course on "The Philosophy of Plato and Its Relation to Modern Life" begun at Jordan Hall. First lecture dwelt on "Life of Plato, the Tentative Dialogues, the Charmides and the Laches."

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### CALENDAR — Continued

- Tuesday, Jan. 10th.—Changes in some class rolls. New bride appears.
- Wednesday, Jan. 11th.—"The Primitive Sources of Art." Prof. Griggs.
- Thursday, Jan. 12th.—"Plato's Interpretation of Socrates. The Lysis and the Apology."
- Friday, Jan. 13th.—ΦAT candidates give eloquent speeches.
- Tuesday, Jan. 17th.—Exams begun.
- Wednesday, Jan. 18th.—"The Race, the Epoch and the Individual in Art." Prof. Griggs.
- Thursday, Jan. 19th. First Senior Recital. "The Death of Socrates and the Problem of Immortality, the Crito and Phaedo." Prof. Griggs.
- Friday, Jan. 20th.—Second Senior Recital.

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## CALENDAR—Continued

Tuesday, Jan. 24th.—Second Semester opens. Sororities appear in evidence.  
Wednesday, Jan. 25th.—"The Meaning and Function of Sculpture and Painting." Prof. Griggs.  
Thursday, Jan. 26th.—"Plato's Masterpiece. The Republic."  
Friday, Jan. 27th.—Miss Saegusa read "Miss Cherry Blossom of Tokyo."  
Saturday, Jan. 28th.—Prof. Charles Zuablin lectured on Carlyle for the benefit of the Endowment Fund.  
Wednesday, Feb. 1st.—"The Meaning and Function of Music." Prof. Griggs.  
Thursday, Feb. 2nd.—"The Individual and the State in the Republic." Prof. Griggs.  
Friday, Feb. 3rd.—Third Senior Recital.  
Saturday, Feb. 4th.—ΦAT dance.

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### CALENDAR—Continued

Wednesday, Feb. 8th.—"The Meaning and  
Function of Poetry." Prof. Griggs.

Thursday, Feb. 9th.—"Plato's Theory of  
Knowledge: The Philosopher and the  
Republic." Prof. Griggs.

Friday, Feb. 10th.—Fourth Senior Recital.

Tuesday, Feb. 14th.—Junior week opens.  
Heart march. Seniors appear in caps  
and gowns. Juniors' reception to  
Post-Graduates and Faculty in the  
evening.

Wednesday, Feb. 15th.—"Beauty and Culture  
of the Spirit." Prof. Griggs.

Thursday, Feb. 16th.—At last! the Junior  
Stunt. "Colonial Days." "Plato's  
Latter Philosophy: The Laws."  
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### CALENDAR — Continued

Friday, Feb. 17th.—Pres. Southwick's address to the Juniors.

Saturday, Feb. 18th.—Juniors' Rose March. Juniors' Prom at Whitney Hall, Brookline.

Monday, Feb. 20th.—Post-Graduate Fair.

Wednesday, Feb. 22nd.—Holiday! Everyone sad (?)

Thursday, Feb. 23rd.—Lecture on "Folk Songs" by A. Foxton Ferguson. "The Plædrus and the Symposium: The Influence of Plato on Subsequent Thought." Prof. Griggs.

Friday, Feb. 24th.—Fifth Senior Recital. Inter-Sorority dance at Hemenway Chambers.

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# CALENDAR — Continued

Monday, Feb. 27th.—Mr. Champlain endeavored to make Beauties! Phi Mu Gamma play "The Batchelor's Romance" given for the Endowment Fund.

Tuesday, Feb. 28th.—Commencement Assignments!

Wednesday, Mar. 1st.—Juniors posed for a like(?) -ness.

Thursday, Mar. 2nd.—Lecture by Mr. Ferguson on "Vagabondia."

Friday, Mar. 3rd.—Senior Stunt! School closed for Spring Recess.

Thursday, Mar. 9th.—Western Club dance.

Tuesday, Mar. 14th.—Back again to work! First Post-Graduate Recital.

Thursday, Mar. 16th.—Senior Recital.

Friday, Mar. 17th. Pupil, up for individual work in Gesture, says, "Heaven help me in this mv hour of trial."



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CALENDAR—Continued

Saturday, Mar. 18th.—Post-Graduate play,  
"Every Man in His Humour." Ben  
Johnson.

Tuesday, Mar. 21st.—Second Post-Graduate  
Recital. Junior dance.

Thursday, Mar. 23rd.—Senior Recital.

Thursday, Mar. 30th.—The Freshman Stunt.

Saturday, April 1st.—Romeo and Juliet papers  
due.

Thursday, April 6th.—Senior Recital.

Saturday, April 8th.—Dutch supper in College  
building given by Emerson Club of  
Boston.

Tuesday, April 11th.—Students' Association  
meeting.

Thursday, April 13th.—Last Senior Recital.

Commencement Week

Sunday, April 31st.—10.30 A. M. Baccalau-  
reate Sermon in Union Congrega-  
tional Church.

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## CALENDAR—Continued

Monday, May 1st.—8 P. M. Post-Graduate Play, "Twelfth Night."

Tuesday, May 2nd.—9.30 A. M. Physical Culture Drill, Debate, Pantomime. 2.30 P. M. Senior Recital.

Wednesday, May 3rd.—9.30 A. M. Post-Graduate Recital. 8 P. M. Senior Play, "A Royal Family."

Thursday, May 4th.—9.30 A. M. Class Day. 2.30 P. M. Alumni Association annual meeting. 6 P. M. Alumni Banquet (Hotel Vendome).

Friday, May 5th.—9.30 A. M. Commencement Exercises. 11.30 A. M. Faculty Reception.

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